HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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UP-HILL WORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No.* 43, *issued August* 24, *contains an illustration of "Some Queer Racing Craft," with descriptive article; "The Good Knight," or the story of the Chevalier* BAYARD; *"A Fresh-water Aquarium," and how to make it a success, illustrated; Chapter Thirteen of "The Moral Pirates," illustrated; "The Tall Clock," a charming story by* MARY DENSEL; *"Young People at Chautauqua," a boy's letter from the great Sunday-school Assembly Grounds, beautifully illustrated by two full pages of sketches by* FRANK BEARD; *"A Scandinavian Myth;" Chapter Seven of* LOSSING'S *"Story of the American Navy," illustrated; "How the Geese saved the Baby," illustrated; "A Gunpowder Plot," a comical story, with six illustrations; a full Post-office Box; poems, puzzles, and other attractions.*

THE CAMPAIGN.

THE campaign proceeds tranquilly. There are excellent Republican speeches made on all sides and in every key. This is not difficult, because there is scarcely a question that can be mentioned upon which the Republican position has not been right, and the Democratic position wrong. This gives the Republicans an immense advantage in the debate, and when the Democrats fall back upon the "necessity of change," a busy and prosperous and contented country naturally asks, "What for?" The only possible change is from the Republican to the Democratic party, and that will not be made unless there is some reason to suppose that Democratic administration will do more and better for the general welfare than the Republican. But this can be made to appear probable only by showing that the history and character of the Democratic party create a superior presumption in its favor. This is a course of argument, however, upon which the Democratic orators have not yet ventured. Indeed, they expressly refuse to enter upon it, and they denounce Republicans who do it as disturbing by-gones and raking up embers. The Democratic argument of the campaign therefore is simply that there ought to be change because the Republican party is very wicked, but there ought to be no inquiry whether the Democratic party is any better. Now those who urge this plea forget two things: one is that the present Republican administration is a standing reply to the charge of Republican misconduct, while the extra session, the GARCELON frauds, the tissue ballots, and the ciphers, without touching remoter history, are a standing accusation of the purpose and spirit of the Democratic party.

If the Republican party, for instance, be held responsible for the corruptions of the Whiskey Ring, the fair answer is that by all political and party canons it is wholly absolved by the character and conduct of the Republican Administration that followed the Whiskey Ring disclosures of four and five years ago. The party was strong enough to purge itself of the influences that had discredited it, and to appeal still more strongly to the confidence of the people because of the purity and ability of the Administration which it brought into power—an Administration which has dealt with the Southern question and the financial question in the most satisfactory manner, and which has done more for administrative reform by proving its perfect practicability than any other Administration. The Democratic party can offer no such plea. At the time of the election four years ago there was an increased disposition to trust that party as beneficially chastened by affliction. But while the Republican party in the administration of President HAYES has constantly and progressively shown its recuperative power, the Democratic party has aroused more and more suspicion and distrust. The house of its "reform" candidate was the nest of the most corrupt intrigue in our political history—an intrigue intended to defeat the constitutional will of the people in its most important expression. While this fact was thoroughly exposed, the new Democratic fraud at the polls in the form of the tissue ballot was plainly revealed. Simultaneously the elaborately organized Democratic GARCELON fraud upon the ballot-box convulsed the most peaceful of Northern States, and while on all sides appeared these proofs of Democratic poisoning of the very fountains and springs of popular government, the rag-money swindle got all its chance from Democrats, and the Democratic leaders in Congress, by arguments which were formerly urged to justify secession, defended a policy which would have brought the national government to an end.

Thus while the Republican party, although in power, has cleared itself of suspicion, the Democratic party, without the responsibility of power, has covered itself with disgrace. It has made its own plea of change absurd. Change might be an effective appeal if the hands that would take the government were clean, and the evident intention patriotic. Or, if there were a fair doubt as between the two parties, the argument of change might have some weight. But there is not a doubt. It is not only because the Democratic party was the party of slavery and disunion, then of the Black Code, and the Ku-Klux, and hatred of equal rights, the cause of the enormous debt and the immense taxation, but because it is to-day the party of dangerous doctrines of the Union, the party of electoral fraud and violence, the party in alliance with rag-money enthusiasts, the party whose ascendency would threaten change from prosperity and peace to wild financial schemes, industrial doubt and uncertainty, and domination of the least American and intelligent section of the Union, that the plea for change falls upon the incredulous ears and distrusting hearts of a patriotic people.

"SCHOOLMASTER TESTS."

IN a recent article alluding to an interview with General GARFIELD, the *Tribune* says that the reporter might have added

> "that General GARFIELD has no visionary ideas on the question of civil service reform, does not believe in mere schoolmaster tests, would have examinations directed to ascertain the fitness of candidates for the special work they are to do if appointed, and does not think the holding of a government office should abridge any legitimate privileges of political action."

This is not intended to suggest, of course, that General GARFIELD is not thoroughly in earnest upon the subject of reform, but to indicate the character of his views. He has spoken too plainly, and is too honest a man, to allow any doubt of his interest in this subject. Careful observation of all that he has said, as well as of his letter of acceptance, discloses that he thinks the practical first step toward permanent reform must be taken by Congress. This, however, does not imply that Executive action is useless. Indeed, the action of the present Executive, without aid or countenance from Congress, has done more for reform than had yet been accomplished. The *Evening Post* says no more than the truth in saying:

> "It is because the New York Custom-house is no longer a political machine, but a business house—it is because in the management of this immense government establishment the Republican party has shown that it possesses the will and the power to reform itself—that the ticket of GARFIELD and ARTHUR to-day can demand with some show of reason the confidence of the voters of New York State."

This is a result due not to the action of Congress, but of the Executive. Executive action has overthrown in advance the most plausible argument that can be urged in Congress against reform, namely, that it is impracticable. Executive action has established the entire practicability of reform in the most important and extensive public office in the country. And it has done this in the only way in which it can be done, if personal and political influence is to be discarded. It has done it by a free and open competition, first to ascertain comparative general intelligence and ability, and then to determine special qualification by actual experiment. If the *Tribune*, or any other skeptic of "schoolmaster tests," can suggest any other way in which political interference in appointments can be set aside, we shall most gladly and carefully consider it. Or if it can show either from reason or experience how the abuses which have made the patronage system of the civil service in this country a grave danger are to be avoided if political interference be allowed, it will do what no skeptic of reform has yet done in England or in America. "Mere schoolmaster tests," that is, determination of actual knowledge, followed by the practical test of official duty, is the only method which is not visionary, if the object be to put the public business upon a business basis.

The idea that reform contemplates examining applicants in geometry to ascertain if they are capable of discharging a cargo or delivering a letter is a chimera. It is a convenient sneer, but it has nothing to do with the fact. If, however, there are fifty applicants to do the duty of one inspector in discharging a cargo, and all of them are well recommended, how can you better decide which to choose than by discovering which one of them has the greatest general intelligence, not of geometry, but of common subjects upon which the degree of a man's intelligence is a clew to his general capacity, and then by trying for a time the one who seems to be cleverest, in the actual work of discharging? That is civil service reform. It is the method which transforms a custom-house from a political machine into a business house. It is a system which does not ask a politician or a ward committee whether a man is fit to be inspector, but which ascertains his fitness by testing the man himself, both in general capacity and special aptitude. This is what the Executive can do and has done; and an Executive which should require this to be the general method of subordinate appointment would take all custom-houses and post-offices and other public business offices "out of politics," and do much to elect a Congress which would co-operate with the Executive in requiring the public business to be done upon business principles.

THE GRAND JURY ON STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS.

THE constant disasters upon steamboats in the waters around New York during the summer have produced a feeling to which the verdict of the Grand Jury of the United States Circuit Court in the case of the *Seawanhaka* is very welcome. It may, indeed, be too sweeping. But that somebody must be held responsible for these catastrophes is evident, and the courts can best determine who is guilty. It is, of course, ludicrous to suppose a man like Captain SMITH, who held to his wheel in the midst of the flames, and whose cool intrepidity saved the lives of scores of passengers, to be guilty in any ordinary sense of exposing himself and others to a terrible death. It is equally wrong, because of the indictment against the gentlemen who owned the steamer, to impute to them any culpability in the ordinary sense, or to suppose that they would daily risk their own lives and those of their families by purposely omitting any necessary precaution. Yet they too would argue that somebody is responsible for these terrible events, and that the responsibility should be fixed.

The Grand Jury's presentment is very severe upon the government inspectors of steamboats, and upon the negligence of owners and the incompetence of officers. They recommend to the President and Congress the appointment of a commission for the thorough revision of the navigation laws and of the laws of government inspection of steamboats. And who can say, in view of the appalling experience of this summer, that the most stringent recommendations looking to the public safety are uncalled for? The jury do not strike in the dark: they sign their names to the most serious charges. Their examination of witnesses was very searching and comprehensive, and they find that the inspection of steam vessels is careless and ignorant; that the inspector of boilers and machinery, for instance, carelessly licenses incompetent engineers; that the examination of the hulls and the machinery is not "thorough," as the law requires, but dangerously superficial; that steam vessels are equipped, managed, and run without regard to the law, and with little care for the comfort and safety of passengers, but solely in the interest of the owners, and they recommend that all laws releasing owners from full responsibility should be repealed. The jury specify in detail the points which they think should be included in a proper law.

Of the necessity of such an emphatic challenge of the public attention there can be no doubt. The perils of the "excursion steamer" around New York are evident to the most cursory observation, and only a day or two after the presentment of the Grand Jury an excursion boat ran upon a rock, and there was no adequate supply of life-preservers for her thousand passengers. It is objected to the recommendation of the jury that no government inspection will be more than perfunctory, and that the only way to make it effective is to lodge it, as in England, with an insurance association having a pecuniary interest in honest and thorough inspection. But if professional reputation, which is the capital of experts, were sure to be risked and lost by the prompt and general report and by the legal verdict upon disasters, the motive for good work would be certainly effective. The Grand Jury directly accuse by name JOHN K. MATTHEWS and ALEXANDER CAULDWELL, inspectors of steam-boilers; AUSTIN JAYNE and ANDREW CRAFT, United States inspectors of vessels, hulls, etc.; and the officers and owners of the *Seawanhaka*, by name, of manslaughter. They charge carelessness against the latter, and felonious negligence against the former. If the charge should be sustained, Messrs. MATTHEWS, CAULDWELL, JAYNE, and CRAFTS would be convicted of criminal negligence in professional and official duty, resulting in terrible loss of life. This is certainly a cogent reason for something more than a merely perfunctory discharge of duty. The trouble probably is that nobody is held responsible and punished for such calamities; and it is to be hoped that this presentment of the Grand Jury will lead to a radical change both in the management and inspection of steamers and in the public tolerance of unnecessary catastrophes.

WHY COALS ARE SENT TO NEWCASTLE.

WE are glad to see that Vermont is thoroughly "beaten up" by Republican orators, because it shows a just estimate of indirect forces in an election. Vermont is one of the most steadfast of Republican States. It is a State, indeed, so hopelessly Republican that the Democrats scarcely contest it. It is so characteristically Republican that, compared with a characteristically Democratic State like Alabama or Arkansas, it is in itself a powerful Republican argument. To fill it with Republican orators and to kindle political enthusiasm seems, indeed, to be a most unnecessary shipment of coals to Newcastle. But it is not so. The fact that the State is incontestably Republican breeds a sense of confidence and security which tends to induce apathy and lethargy. The Republican voter is tempted to take no trouble to vote, and even to be careless whether he votes or not. The Vermonter has a feeling that his State will go Republican of itself.

Now there are a great many voters in the country who wish to go with the majority, and to support the candidate and the party that they think will be successful. Such voters watch every straw, to see how the wind is blowing. If they observe indifference upon the side of the dominant party, they instantly suspect that it forecasts defeat, and they prepare to throw themselves upon what seems to them the winning side. This one fact shows to the Vermont Republican his imperative duty. He ought to vote, and to make his neighbors vote, not to carry his own State, which is sure enough, but to help Maine Republicans to carry Maine, and Indiana Republicans to carry Indiana, and New York Republicans to carry New York.

The Democratic appeal is merely for "change," and the voters on the fence are looking to see whether the country really desires change. If they observe that Vermont apparently does not care whether there is change or not, they will vote for change. If they see that Vermont emphatically protests against change, they will also see that the country is satisfied to be healthfully busy and prosperous, and they will vote against change. The Republican orators are in Vermont to remind their friends of this situation, and to show them why it is that the great Republican majority of Vermont should this year be greater. Such a majority in that State will inspire and strengthen the whole Republican line. The good effect will be felt in Indiana. We shall feel it in New York. It will be the significant announcement that in the present situation of the country, and with the prospect of its continuation and further progress in the same happy direction under the GARFIELD administration, the Republican party is more than ever resolutely Republican.

A SPIRITED FOREIGN POLICY.

LORD LYTTON, the amiable son of BULWER, has returned to England from India in a kind of disgrace. He is one of the innumerable victims of Lord BEACONSFIELD. The author of *Lucille* and of the memoir of *Julian Fane* was, like Julian Fane himself, a pleasantly accomplished gentleman, fitted to adorn diplomatic and elegant society, but evidently not a man to intrust with immense administrative responsibility at a critical time. It is not because he was an author or a "littery feller" that he has failed. Lord BEACONSFIELD and Mr. GLADSTONE, who contest England, are both "littery fellers," and they certainly do not lack political genius and administrative energy. Lord LYTTON had been long in the diplomatic service, and it is not impossible that Lord BEACONSFIELD delighted to honor the son of his old literary rival, and to serve the guild of literature by sending LYTTON to India as Governor-General. Lord LYTTON's chief business there has been to preside at a gorgeous pageant to proclaim the Queen of England Empress of India, and to initiate the disastrous war with Afghanistan. The first was a melodramatic spectacle, the last is a tragedy. Lord BEACONSFIELD's phrase, "a scientific frontier," has cost England dearly, and the end is not yet. Lord LYTTON was his puppet, and it now appears that when he proposed, and at least with logical sense, that Lord BEACONSFIELD should openly declare war against Russia, instead of "nagging" and teasing her in the Afghan mountains, he was reproved for excessive zeal.

The search for a "scientific frontier" has brought unmitigated disaster to English honor and to the English arms; and in the midst of it and hard upon the tremendous rebuke administered by the elections to Lord BEACONSFIELD, his little Indian Viceroy returns from India with all his laurels dragging. It is an ill fate, as disproportioned to

the deserts of the Viceroy as the good fortune of his appointment. The post for Lord LYTTON was one where nothing but his charming accomplishments would have been brought into play—some ornamental and agreeable legation like that at Florence formerly, or at Dresden, where he would have been the happy chief of a delightful and refined social circle. Meanwhile the fate of those who have vainly sought the "scientific frontier," and who have died in battle and ambush, or who are still besieged among hostile and inaccessible mountains, or who are conducting a desperate and suffering retreat, commands the attention of England. The Afghanistan tragedy is but one of the consequences of the BEACONSFIELD "spirited foreign policy" and of the protest against "Manchester statesmanship"—a statesmanship which provides nothing but peace and prosperity. It is one of the Conservative legacies to the Liberal Administration, which is thus to be held responsible for freeing the country from the consequences of Tory folly. There can be no doubt that in this deplorable war, utterly causeless and unjustifiable, the intelligence of England will see still more clearly an illustration of the true character of the Administration which it has indignantly overthrown.

But the question remains, What shall be done? JOHN MORLEY, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says, decisively, "Withdraw." He takes the high moral ground that England had no right to invade Afghanistan, and that since the Afghans have done what Englishmen under the same circumstances would have done, and have successfully resisted, England ought not to persevere in a public crime. But this is not a tone to which, in an hour of disaster and humiliation, England will listen. "No," says an English Liberal who agrees with the *Pall Mall*, "matters will run their usual round. England was in the wrong: her supremacy must be vindicated over those who have dared with some success to defend their country against her oppression; so more blood is to be shed, and more iniquities are to be perpetrated. Such is the universal story of conquest." But that such a moral protest should be raised and so strong a feeling exist is one of the good signs of advancing public opinion. With a truly independent press such protests against false theories of national honor will become at last preventives. Long ago, in the United States, the sentiment, "My country—may she be always right, but my country, right or wrong," was received with a great and indignant disclaimer, and it was the spirit that repudiated the sentiment which has put the country right, and holds it right to-day. "National honor," as generally understood, requires that England should not leave Afghanistan until her troops have won a victory, and have avenged their comrades. But it is really Lord BEACONSFIELD who is responsible for the suffering and the wrong.

THE "EVENING TRANSCRIPT."

THERE is no more attractive paper, nor one which is surer to say a strong word in season upon the right side, than the Boston *Evening Transcript*, which has just duly commemorated its fiftieth birthday. It takes the occasion to tell its own story in an exceedingly pleasant strain, recalling the Boston of half a century ago, when Mr. LYNDE M. WALTER, a man of refined literary sensibilities, who doubtless had a thought of ADDISON'S *Spectator* in his mind, issued his modest little sheet. It appeared for three days only, and apparently found nobody waiting for it. But just a month later it ventured out again, with a copious report of WEBSTER'S famous argument in the WHITE murder trial at Salem, and ever since, enlarging in size and in prosperity and influence, the young man's hope has become a recognized power.

The *Transcript* was called at first—and we remember hearing it so called—the tea-table critic. But, as it now says, that is what it was meant to be, and is still proud to be. The evening paper in those days was held to belong to the home rather than to the shop or the office, and its topics were more general and social and æsthetic than political or commercial. Indeed, there is often complaint of the best papers in the family circle that they are too exclusively political, and that the delightful tone of the *Tatler* and the essayists might well be restored. That tone of gay and graceful comment was not for a day. It was charming even when it treated politics, and very little of the political literature of the first GEORGE is so fresh and entertaining to-day as ADDISON'S *Freeholder*.

The *Transcript* has never lost its peculiarly light and attractive touch, although it is not limited to any especial range of topics. It is a universal and excellent newspaper, discussing every public question with force and incisive intelligence and good-humor. It is, indeed, an index of the best public opinion, and even its typographical aspect always promises a pleasure which is not belied by the reading. It is an "organ" only of independent expression, and it is "neutral" upon no vital question. But its independence does not assume that it makes no difference what views control the administration of public affairs, and that one party is as good as another. It is very pleasant to hear of the *Transcript's* prosperity, and impossible not to wish that its tribe may increase.

JOHN BULL AND JONATHAN.

THE London *Times* recently spoke of the United States in the glowing strain of a Fourth-of-July oration. There is a little pamphlet, containing its remarks upon us some eighteen years ago, which may be now suffered to remain unquoted, as the spirit of SYDNEY SMITH'S question of sixty years since—Who reads an American book?—is long since forgotten. The "certain condescension in foreigners" of which LOWELL speaks in his essay has become only amusing in its occasional re-appearance, and there was never a heartier sympathy between the two great English-speaking races than now. It is ludicrous to think how we allowed the comments of Mrs. TROLLOPE to annoy us, and with what energy PAULDING took up the cudgels to knock the tribe of English tourists about the head.

Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, in his late article upon international copyright, shows, indeed, some of the old feeling, but it is curiously ill-timed at the moment when the great body of English and American authors are approaching an amicable understanding. As for politics, we become every year more patient of each other's methods of working out the problems of free government, while our different points of view make our mutual criticisms very valuable. Meanwhile it is not necessary to think with Mr. HERBERT SPENCER that the English press was friendly during our war in order to enjoy the article in the *Times* from which this is an extract:

"If no nation ever entered upon so splendid an inheritance, none could have put it out to more profitable usury. American civilization suffers in European estimation by its external features appearing to challenge comparison with the highest grades of European culture. When the American million talks of CARLYLE and TENNYSON, its critical taste is contrasted, naturally not altogether favorably, with the English thousands whose intelligence has been regularly trained. Quantity and spread of mental culture are, however, not things to be despised, and in these respects not Germany itself can match the United States. All the paraphernalia of education, schools and colleges, libraries and museums, and galleries and institutes, exist in the United States in a prodigal profusion which defies enumeration. The multitude for whom these instruments of mental elevation are prepared may not be able to employ them with as much profit as leisurely classes in older countries. But the desire to amass the apparatus of refinement proceeds from a craving and the sense of a want, which will not be satisfied until the want itself be supplied. On the other hand, for the realization of the material prosperity which nature has placed within their grasp, the masses of American citizens, to the extreme corner of the enormous domain they occupy, have developed faculties and energies which may be extolled without abatement or drawback."

MR. PARNELL.

MR. PARNELL'S visit to this country was apparently not successful, and the general hostility of the press to an agitation of internal foreign politics in this country undoubtedly led to a depreciation of his actual importance. He is, however, a political figure of significance at home, and, as one of the London papers says, he is but too likely to become historical. It regards him as a cold fanatic, with the love and knowledge of form and detail which make him dangerous—a "logical French fanatic" of the type of ROBESPIERRE.

This is a new kind of Irish leader. It must have struck every one who heard him in this country that his gentlemanly, self-possessed oratory, and a certain logical dryness of mind, with great power of temperate statement, if he chose to use it, were very different from all the historical Irish leaders—O'CONNELL, GRATTAN, CURRAN, EMMET, FITZGERALD, and the rest. There was no touch of genius, but a clear hold of opinions, a relentless tenacity, and a latent bitterness which might even develop into cruelty.

Should there be trouble in Ireland, Mr. PARNELL would be necessarily conspicuous. Apparently he does not desire merely to lead whithersoever the passion of the Irish people may force him, but to lead them to his own ends, to make his views their policy, and to use their force to achieve his own purposes. Whether his power is equal to his ambition we shall see. He is not conciliatory or persuasive in Parliament, and his conduct during the Irish elections showed that he was autocratic in dealing with his countrymen. If it be true, as the Saxon alleges, that the Celt likes a master, he will perhaps find him in PARNELL.

MEN AND THINGS.

THE *Magazine of American History* calls Dr. LOSSING "the very best authority on all questions of Revolutionary topography," and adds that he does not undertake to decide the precise western landing of the famous old King's Ferry across the Hudson. The *Magazine* says that there were, in fact, three different landings about the base of Stony Point eminence, and that the chief one is still marked by the stone foundations of the old wharf, but that the place is better known from the enormous willow-tree which grows at the water's edge, and deserves to be mentioned among the most famous of American trees. Four feet from the ground its trunk measures seventeen feet and ten inches. It was by King's Ferry that WASHINGTON'S army crossed in August, 1781, on its way to the Head of Elk and the CORNWALLIS surrender.

In the admirable *Life of Pope*, contributed by LESLIE STEPHENS to the series of "English Men of Letters," the author speaks of the social intercourse of wits as tending rather to paralyze than to stimulate their activity, and mentions a dinner at POPE'S house at Twickenham on the 6th of July, 1726, "when the party was made up of POPE, the most finished poet of the day; SWIFT, the deepest humorist; BOLINGBROKE, the most brilliant politician; CONGREVE, the wittiest writer of comedy; and GAY, the author of the most successful burlesque. The envious may console themselves by thinking that POPE very likely went to sleep, that SWIFT was deaf and overbearing, that CONGREVE and BOLINGBROKE were painfully witty, and GAY frightened into silence."

An English lady proposes that women shall be made inspectors of schools. She is not aware, probably, that in this country women serve in some of the States upon school committees. "There may be a doubt," she says, "as to the capacity of a thoroughly able woman to become a doctor, a barrister, or a clergyman: there can be none as to her fitness to organize a nursery, and no man would be thought equally fit. An infant school is a nursery on a large scale, and a girls' school is just the very field where a really able, kindly disposed woman would remedy, to the unspeakable gain of mistress and pupils, many at present glaring defects."

The death of TOM TAYLOR, the editor of *Punch*, was the occasion of a great deal of kindly comment in the London papers. The *Spectator* speaks of the double audience to which *Punch* is addressed, and the consequent difficulty of finding a good editor. It says that *Punch* is as much of an institution as the *Times*, and could be destroyed as a property in a single number. It must please the pit as well as the boxes. "The editor of *Punch* is like a West End clergyman, who desires, first of all, to benefit his parish, but who can not quite forget, as he preaches, that people accustomed to much stronger intellectual food are listening to him, not altogether lost in reverential awe. The artists and writers in *Punch* can not forget the cultivated public altogether, must show themselves equal to entertaining them also, if only to foster their own self-respect, and so have occasionally to play to two audiences at once—one fastidious to the last degree, and one content if only it may have its solid, respectable fun." It thinks that Mr. TAYLOR kept up the tradition of *Punch* "fairly well"; but

"we do not know that he improved *Punch*; indeed, we should say that he did not. It may be that the difference is in ourselves, but to our minds the slowly growing defect of *Punch* is a certain want of acid flavor, a certain flatness in tone and want of cutting effect in its hits, as if everybody on it were middle-aged and in good temper with most things, Irishmen excepted, and disposed to be rather jolly than effectively humorous. We should say, if we were permitted to criticise *Punch*—and why should we not criticise him, when he has become a personage in the state?—that in his late middle age his temper had improved, and very often his looks—quoting in proof of the latter remark Mr. DU MAURIER'S often wonderful interiors, in which a dozen persons are portrayed, each with a character, yet each helping toward the picture—but that his wit had not. Wit, satire, sharp and ringing epigram, these seem to us the features which tend to become too infrequent in *Punch*, and which are not replaced altogether by parody, however good, or jest, however humorous."

The *Spectator* would have a little more DOUGLAS JERROLD and a little less BURNAND, the author of *Happy Thoughts*. But Mr. BURNAND succeeds TOM TAYLOR as editor.

Professor MASSON'S *Life of Milton* is at last finished, and no work upon the time of which it treats is so full of various information. CARLYLE, who is thoroughly familiar with the epoch, speaks of the book as indispensable to the student of English history, and for every reader it is most valuable and interesting. No one can properly understand MILTON'S time and his relation to it without consulting these delightful pages. Indeed, if but a single history of the Great Rebellion could be read, this is probably the one that should be selected. MILTON is one of the immortal names of our English literature, but JAMES PAYN in a late bright paper doubts whether many of those who agree that "Paradise Lost" is a great poem have ever read it; and a recent critic of MASSON'S noble *Life* of the poet says of his poems: "There is nothing more remarkable in our literary history than the production of such works at such a time, unless it be the popularity they attained. 'Paradise Lost' was written, contrary to the poetical instinct of the age, in blank verse, the poet's argument was eminently serious, no arts were used to catch the ear of the public, and yet thirteen hundred copies of the poem were sold in about eighteen months. If such a work could be written in our day, it may be questioned whether it would command such a sale. Yet persons who read poetry now, or profess to read it, must be twenty times more numerous than in the days of MILTON."

PERSONAL.

WHATEVER may have been his standing as a musician in the opinion of the critical world, OLE BULL will be long remembered with affectionate regret by thousands of people who have listened entranced to the magic strains of his violin. During his lifetime he was well known in the United States. There was scarcely a town or city in the country which he did not visit during a long musical career, and he rarely failed to leave behind him the pleasantest of social and professional memories. He died at Bergen, Norway, where he was born in 1810.

—A new serial story by Mr. JAMES PAYN, one of the most popular and prolific of living English novelists, will be begun in the *Cornhill Magazine* for January next.

—Colonel MCNEILL, equerry to the Queen, who accompanied Prince LEOPOLD on his recent visit to Canada, has been knighted by her Majesty.

—Ex-Governor HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON died at his residence in Jefferson County, Georgia, August 16, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was Presidential elector in 1844, United States Senator in 1848, Judge in 1844, and Governor of Georgia from 1853 to 1857. He was also the Democratic candidate for Vice-President with DOUGLAS in 1860, and a member of the Secession Convention in Georgia in 1861, when he opposed vigorously the policy of leaving the Union. In 1863 he was elected to the Confederate States Senate, and presided over the State Constitutional Convention in 1865. In 1866 he was elected United States Senator, but was not permitted to take his seat. In 1873 he was elected Circuit Judge of the State, which position he held at the time of his death.

—The widow of the Jewish Cologne banker, Baron ABRAHAM VON OPPENHEIM, who in 1870 gave the munificent sum of £150,000 for the wounded, has just given £30,000 for a hospital for poor children of all confessions, in memory of her late husband.

—The BYRON Memorial Committee has voted a sum of money for placing a slab with a wreath of immortelles over the poet's grave at Hucknall, England. The stone is to be a piece of that sent over by the Greek government for the pedestal of the statue lately placed in Hyde Park. It is said that the King of the Hellenes takes the greatest interest in the BYRON statue, and that every letter on the subject has been submitted to him.

—THOMAS R. GOULD, an American sculptor living at Florence, has exhibited in Paris his bronze statue of KAMEHAMEHA, the first King of the Sandwich Islands.

—FATHER BECX, the General of the Order of the Jesuits, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession.

—The equipage used in South Africa by the Empress EUGÉNIE has been sold at Natal for $505.

—JOHN MACKEY, the Nevada millionaire, is described as being about fifty years of age, and tall and not stout. He has stooping shoulders, wears a dusty black suit of clothes, a small brown mustache, and gold-bowed spectacles; has a pleasant expression of face, is a great talker, and has a nervous manner and a care-worn look.

—It is announced that Mr. HERBERT SPENCER intends next year to commence a two years' tour round the world by way of the United States and Japan, taking sociological observations. One or two scientific friends will accompany him. This will be immediately preliminary to the completion of his philosophical system.

—Miss HELEN E. COOLIDGE has become a law partner with her father, who is an ex-judge, at Niles, Michigan, and the firm name is COOLIDGE & DAUGHTER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

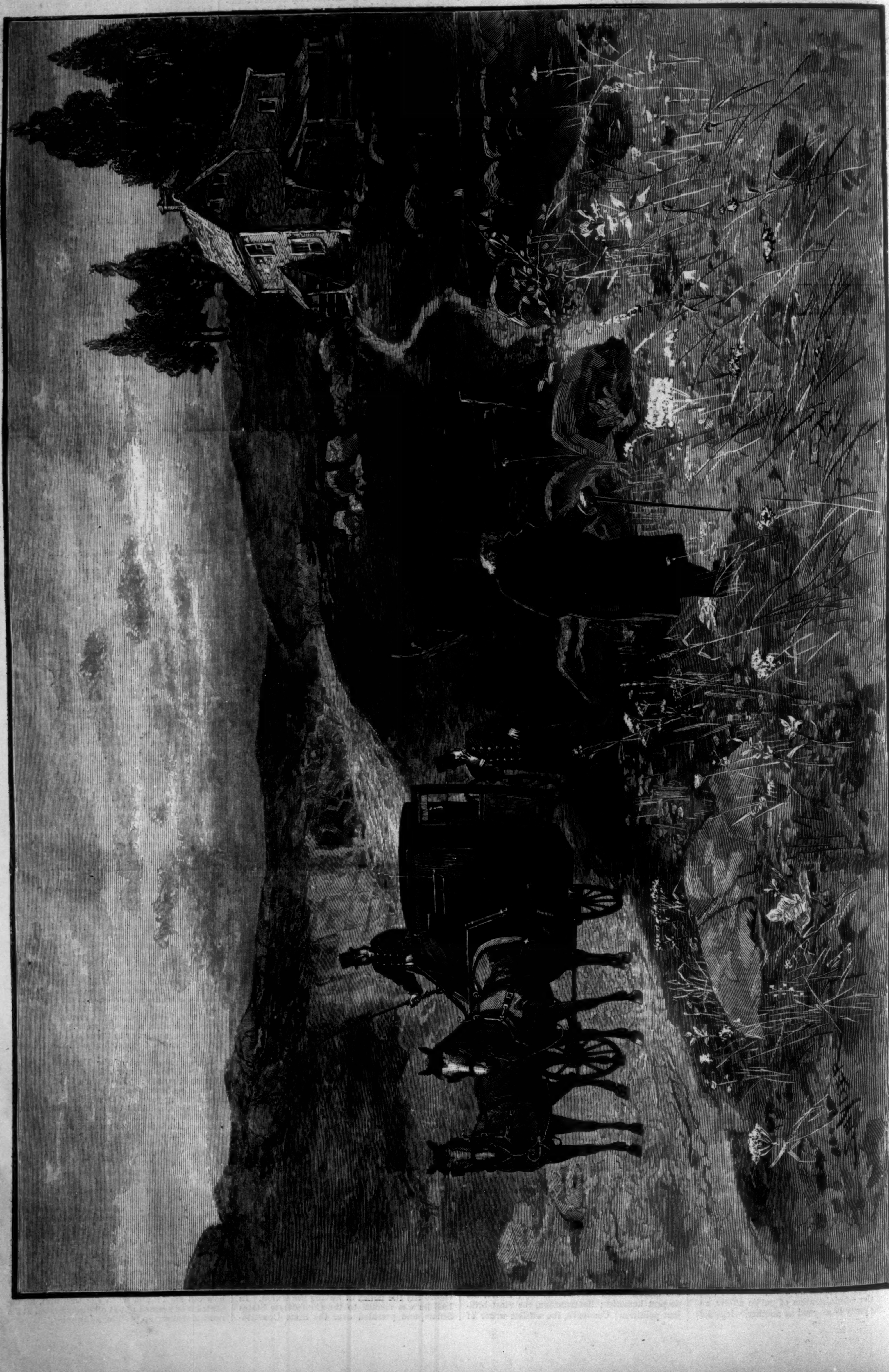
—Prince ROLAND BONAPARTE is to marry Mlle. BLANC, principal heiress to the enormous fortune amassed by the late high-priest of rouge et noir. The mother of the future princess has caused a splendid villa to be erected for the young couple in the Cascine of Florence, whither they will repair at the conclusion of their honey-moon. Prince ROLAND holds a commission in the Republican army as sub-lieutenant of artillery, and being totally destitute of private means, has hitherto contrived to live upon his pay. By his marriage with Mlle. BLANC he will become the wealthiest member of the House of BONAPARTE.

—The late DUDLEY FIELD greatly fatigued himself by driving from his country-seat at Hastings-on-Hudson to Stockbridge, Massachusetts. He stopped over one night at the country-seat of his partner, ex-Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER, who tried to dissuade him from driving, but without effect. Mr. FIELD, when awakened on the morning after his arrival at Stockbridge, seemed refreshed, but said he would try another nap. When his chamber was again entered it was found that fatigue and excitement had resulted in his death through heart-disease.

—A correspondent of an English journal writes: "More and more does the belief grow that Mr. GLADSTONE'S sickness sprang from distresses of mind as much almost as from ailments of the body, and that the chill which attacked him last Friday found aid in unstrung nerves and lowered spirits. A week ago, as I have heard, were laid before him private papers from Candahar, showing how serious troubles were more than a month ago expected in Southern Afghanistan. Then, upon this and his other many vexations, the news of our rout there may well have been 'the last straw.' Strange to see how patiently reporters have kept watch in Downing Street all night long by the side of the guard on duty at the Foreign Office gates. Two or three such were there at one o'clock yesterday morning, and a dozen or more, as I find—being curious to note how news like this is collected—are at the same place to-day."

—The Edinburgh University chair of fine arts, under the WATSON-GORDON bequest, has been filled by the election of Mr. GERALD BALDWIN-BROWN, to the disgust of Mr. P. G. HAMERTON, who had put himself to considerable trouble and expense in paving the way for his own accession. London *Truth* says: "The long querulous letter Mr. HAMERTON has addressed to the public through the columns of the *Academy* only proves what a thorough piece of jobbery the whole thing has been, and I must say those who play with fire of that sort deserve to have their fingers burned. In the depths of his disappointment Mr. HAMERTON now discovers that he never desired an office far more onerous than any SLADE professorship, and only consented to become a candidate. It is curious, however, that he confesses he made a remarkably close inquiry into the emoluments, even to the rate of interest derivable from the bequest fund, and was 'pecuniarily disappointed.'"

—A correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* gives the following interesting sketch of RALPH WALDO EMERSON: "The vigor of that wonderful intellect remains superior to the ravages of accumulating years, but the evidences of decay, nevertheless, manifest themselves sadly enough in that disease of old age—the inability to recall words, which is technically named aphasia. The simplest combinations fail him, but he bears his pain gently, calmly, grandly. When in doubt, he turns quietly to his daughter and inquires of her. She answers him, and then he proceeds by the help of her suggestion as he had begun. On the particular occasion of which my informant told me occurred two remarkable instances of his failing. The first was his inability to recall the word which would describe his son's profession. It was not a mere hesitating for a word; it was an absolute inability even to form it. He waited for a moment, and then he said, 'Daughter, what is your brother's profession?' 'He is a doctor, father,' she answered. 'Yes, a doctor,' he said, and then resumed the conversation. The next time he was unable to think of the word which would tell his own age. In like manner he turned again and asked, 'Daughter, how old am I?' and when she told him, he assented, and seemed not at all disconcerted at his need of making so peculiar an inquiry."



HOME REVISITED.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Poem on Page 566.]

AN OPIUM DEN IN A CHINESE CITY.

OPIUM-SMOKING IN CHINA.

The above engraving is a faithful representation of one of those horrible dens where the Asiatic bewilders his intellect, and eventually destroys both body and soul, by the practice of smoking opium. The mischief that is wrought among Caucasian nations by alcohol in its various forms is more than equalled by the ruin accomplished in the East by the abuse of this drug. The two vices are, however, so different in some of their principal effects as to render a just comparison exceedingly difficult. The one excites and maddens, the other is tranquillizing and soothing. Ardent spirits are often taken to stimulate to the commission of bloody deeds, but opium is never smoked for such a purpose or with such an effect. The opium smoker or eater has nothing to do with violent passion, He has two states of being—one a delicious dreaminess, in which the world seems full of sweet sensations and fair visions, and the other a condition of restlessness and bodily agony, caused by the passing off of the effect of the drug, and only to be assuaged by further recourse to it.

Mr. Doolittle, in his interesting work on the *Social Life of the Chinese*, published by the Harpers, tells us: "There seems to be a great ignorance prevailing among some intelligent people in Western lands in regard to the manner in which the Chinese smoke opium. It has been said that the people of the East smoke opium as the people of the West smoke tobacco." In reality there is the greatest difference between the two operations. The tobacco-smoker can place pipe or cigar in his mouth, assume any position he likes, and attend to his business at the same time that he is blowing clouds of the fragrant smoke from mouth and nostrils. The opium-smoker knows that he is about to plunge himself into a state of complete or partial intoxication, and that to surrender himself freely to the enjoyment of his favorite vice he must assume a recumbent position, discard all thoughts of active duty, and resent any interruption to the course of his dreams and visions.

In order, therefore, that opium-smoking may be thoroughly enjoyed, there are established in all Chinese towns opium shops, or, as those who realize the horror of such indulgence prefer to call them, dens. These are always provided with platforms, which the buyers of the prepared drug may occupy while consuming the quantity purchased. The opium shops are usually kept by Chinese, with a Chinese inscription in the window announcing that the accommodation is provided within; the customers are mostly Asiatics, dock-yard men, and a few civilized beings now and then. The shops are small, dark, comfortless tenements, but clean. The operation of smoking is as follows:

Lying upon his side, with his head upon a pillow, the smoker reclines at his ease, shoeless, and covered with matting, or such other bedclothes as he may prefer. His pipe is a rod of bamboo or sugar-cane, from twenty to four-and-twenty inches long. At about one-fourth of its length from the end is what looks like a bowl, but is in reality an enamelled clay block, shaped like a peg-top with the upper round cut off, forming a flat circular slab, about two inches in diameter. The smoker takes the pipe in one hand, and in the other a steel pin about seven or eight inches long. The end of this pin he dips into the opium, which is a thick fluid of a dark brown color, strongly resembling treacle in ap-

pearance. Held then over the flame of a small glazed conical lamp, the opium gradually frizzles and hardens. When it is tolerably firm in substance, it is turned about on the slab of the pipe until it becomes cone-shaped, to bring it to which form really requires no little skill and practice. Sticking the apex of the cone into the hole drilled in the slab, the smoker drives the pin through it to secure a passage for air; then turning the pipe so as to bring the flame of the lamp to bear upon the little mass of hardened opium, he takes long inspirations, throws off dense fumes of smoke, and is in Elysium.

The Chinese, in describing the effects of opium-smoking on the individual, dwell with peculiar emphasis on the weakness and indolence which it induces. The victim is described as unwilling, and usually physically unable, to perform anything requiring muscular strength or mental application, except under the excitement of opium. His habits of sleep are changed, it being impossible oftentimes, owing to the overwrought mental excitement induced by the drug, for him to fall asleep in the early part of the night, as others do. Frequently it is nearly or quite morning before he is able to compose himself to rest, waking only late in the forenoon or early in the afternoon. The Chinese have a common saying that the smoker of opium "makes the day night, and the night day," alluding to his unnatural hours of waking and of sleeping. His features almost always become strikingly changed, being of an unhealthy, pallid, deathlike cast. His shoulders not unfrequently become permanently elevated above their natural level, much as when one shrugs them up, at the same time drawing down his head. Such an opium-smoker is expressively described as "having three heads," from the high and unnatural appearance of his shoulders. His eyes become glaring and without expression. Most inveterate smokers become spare and thin, owing in part to the direct effect of opium on the human system, and in part to the fact that nutritious food is taken in less quantities and at more irregular intervals, through loss of appetite, than is usual in the case of persons not addicted to this habit. They are styled "*opium devils*."

Opium in small quantities does not, of course, produce intoxication, but simply exhilaration, such as comes from the use of moderate quantities of wine. Friends often invite each other to smoke opium as preliminary to the discussion of business matters, or at intervals while engaged in ordinary conversation. It has become the popular way of "treating" among some. This fashion of inviting guests or friends among the higher classes to smoke the opium pipe has perhaps attained in China the same popularity, though not the same universality, that the custom of inviting friends who called to drink wine, or rum, or brandy, as a token of hospitality, attained in the United States some thirty or forty years ago. It corresponds also very much to the practice now common among many foreign residents in the East, as well as among many Englishmen and Americans in their native countries, to offer wine, or something stronger than wine, to guests. Extensive native mercantile firms sometimes keep it on hand for their large customers, or their personal friends who may call. The best Chinese physicians oftentimes depend on being invited to a smoke at the houses of their patients, and take it unkindly if not "treated." The official employés connected with mandarin establishments, such as policemen and constables, of which class there is a large number, delay or decline to proceed to the transaction of their business unless first treated with opium when called to one's house, even on the most urgent and important affairs. Many wealthy private families keep the opium-pipe and fixtures in readiness for the demands of fashion. They not unusually have a room which is devoted to the smoking of the drug, being provided with a bedstead or platform for the convenience of smokers. Perhaps one-half or more of the quantity imported and used is thus consumed at the homes of its buyers. Many officers, merchants, literary men, the wealthy, and generally all those who have their time at their leisurely disposal, buy the drug by the ball or in smaller quantity, and prepare it at their residences, where they smoke it whenever they please.

If the opium-smoker uses his pipe at stated intervals, as every morning, or every evening, or once regularly in two days, he acquires in a short time the habit, so that he must smoke it at just such a time, or suffer the disagreeable consequences of not smoking. This condition causes an incessant thinking about it, and a longing or hankering after it, which in a great degree incapacitates the victim for effort, intellectual or physical, unless he has recourse to the drug again. The habit becomes fixed in a period of time varying from ten or fifteen days to one or two months, according to the constitution of the person and the circumstances of the case. It is not determined so much by the quantity he consumes as by the regularity of his resorts to the pipe. If he smokes at irregular periods, as once in a week, and then once in a day, and then goes for a longer or shorter period before he smokes again, he will not feel the ardent and intolerable longing. Men of naturally strong constitutions, and possessed of sufficient property to support them without vexatious care and personal labor, may indulge in this vice with comparative impunity for a considerable period. Such sometimes live to a good old age; but the longer they smoke, the larger is the quantity required to keep them up. Freedom from care and hard labor, as well as plenty of opium, are requisite in order that the smoker may continue in health, and attain a respectable longevity. There is not so much shortening of the lives of rich men who have become victims of this habit as is often asserted, and as seems very natural to suppose, though doubtless the lives of such men are in fact considerably shortened by the use of opium. They often live to old age, notwithstanding the effects of opium on their physical systems. The greatest destruction of life from this vice in China is unquestionably seen in the poorer and the working classes. These are not able to increase the amount of opium in proportion to the need of an augmented supply, and therefore they soon feel the effects of a limited amount on their health. Besides, when ill, they are not only under the necessity of going without the drug, but are often unable to procure medicines as aids to recovery.

One of the most common inquiries made by confirmed smokers, as well as by young beginners, of those foreigners who express a hatred of the vice, and who urge them to break away from it, is, "Have you medicine which will cure it?" The Chinese entertain the opinion that since the drug comes from a foreign land, foreigners must know some infallible remedy which will counteract its bad effects, or destroy an acquired taste for it. Accordingly, the Chinese have opium medicines in abundance, professedly of foreign origin. Some six years ago a writer observed several kinds of advertisements, or placards, each in large numbers, posted up in conspicuous places in the streets, pretending to teach men how to cure the habit of opium-smoking, or telling them where they could find the necessary and infallible medicines. The pompous title of one would lead the public to infer that the medicine advertised was prepared in accordance with an American receipt; another, according to a receipt obtained from Manila; another, from India, etc. On one of these placards were large English capital letters, arranged without meaning, in the ordinary style of Chinese writing; that is, in rows from the top to the bottom of the sheet. Such letters were used, doubtless, in order more successfully to impose on the common people, who might be supposed to be more easily duped by the display of foreign characters. Another had what was intended to be an imitation of a sentence written with English letters in the running hand, taken from a Christian almanac published by a missionary. The original design of this sentence was to illustrate the way Chinese words could be represented by the use of English letters. Here it was evidently used as a kind of certificate of the value or genuineness of the medicine advertised. Few Chinese can read English, and the sentence probably produced its desired impression on many of the people.

There seems to be a bewitching influence connected with opium-smoking which renders it almost impracticable to break away from the habit when once formed. The peculiar pains and sensations which accompany attempts to desist from smoking it also have, doubtless, a great influence in discouraging such attempts. Some missionaries and physicians in other parts of China seem to think that many victims have been reclaimed from this vice by the aid of certain medicines, but benevolent efforts to overcome the power of the habit in individual cases have not been attended with very encouraging success. Few have the fortitude to bear up against the fascinations of the pipe, and the agonies induced by efforts at reformation, long enough to become thoroughly cured. They usually, after a short trial of abstaining from the drug, have recourse to it again, although they know that every indulgence with the opium pipe but rivets the chains of their bondage the tighter.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR IN CHICAGO.

THE Grand Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar held in Chicago during the week ending August 21 was an event of uncommon interest. Never before in the history of the city were such multitudes drawn together as came from all parts of the country to witness the ceremonies and to participate in the festivities of this occasion.

The site of the encampment—"Camp de Molai," as it was called—covered the whole of Lake Park, reaching from the Exposition Building southward seven-eighths of a mile to Park Place, and extending from Michigan Avenue on one side nearly down to the lake front on the other. The tall white tents, grouped symbolically and picturesquely, and adorned with rich decorations, presented a pretty sight.

The parade on the 17th was an imposing affair. The column marched in platoons or double section front, and double ranks with intervals of sixteen feet only between them. The Commanderies having no more than ten or twelve Sir Knights formed with the Commandery ranking above them, or in single-rank formation, taking a distance of only eight feet. Sixty-two bands, of which the more notable were the Marine Band, of Washington, Brand's Band, of Cincinnati, and the Second Regiment Band, of San Francisco, were judiciously distributed throughout the column.

As the column moved south on Wabash Avenue the sight was a grand and inspiring one. Marching at a steady pace of about two miles an hour, the soldier-like bearing and the beautiful and starred uniforms of the different commanders elicited cheer upon cheer from the living walls between which they passed. Nearly every house they passed was gayly decorated, and every possible place that afforded a view of the march was occupied. As the column passed under the funeral arch at Adams Street the martial music was changed to a dirge, and the Commanderies reversed swords. The Grand Commandery in review arch, at Wabash Avenue and Twelfth Street, was saluted with drawn swords and a salute by officers and standards. It was after noon when the last division wheeled into line. By that time the advanced guard of the police, who headed the procession, had reached Lake Street on the return march. It was estimated that nearly twenty thousand Knights were in line, and it required about three hours for the entire procession to pass a given point.

The grand ball at the Exposition Building was all that was expected in point of brilliancy, but larger than it ought to have been in the way of numbers. Invitations were issued for over one hundred thousand people, and the building was not capable of holding more than one-fifth as many. The infuriated ticket-holders thronged the passageway to the overcrowded building, from which the only exit was into a lumber-yard and over a picket fence. Women fainted, and men swore, but those who got in were paid for the struggle by the sight of one of the finest ball-rooms ever seen. The scope for grand and exquisite effects of color, outline, and illumination afforded by the Exposition Building had been taken advantage of by the Triennial Committee, and the result, as a unit and in detail, was artistic in the extreme. There was nothing heavy, for the structure is airiness itself, and the plan followed was one of extreme lightness and delicacy. The gallery was one royal belt of gorgeous blazoning running the entire circuit of the mammoth building. The railing was draped, latticed in broad diamonds and rounded figures, with festoons of Masonic colors caught at short intervals by shields, upon which were shining the golden arms of every Commandery in the world. Stands of fluttering colors surmounted these, and gonfalons and pennants in never-ending line, with depending baskets of exquisite exotics.

On the evening of the 18th all the theatres gave free entertainments to the Knights and their ladies, and concerts were given at Music and Farwell halls, all being filled to the limit of their capacity. After the theatres closed there was an open-air concert of ten pieces, and at the close of that a display of fire-works on the lake front. This display was given on a larger scale than ever before attempted in Chicago. The crowd was so dense that it filled the streets for blocks approaching the city front.

HOME REVISITED.

[See Illustration on Page 564.]

THANKS, John, I'll totter on alone,
My staff will be sufficient stay—
Yes, here's the path, with weeds o'ergrown;
It seems, indeed, but yesterday
I trod it with so light a heart;
And yet the years they count threescore
Since, in the world to gain a start,
I left the dear old cottage door;

Left all the simple life behind
In which the country lad was trained,
The guileless heart, the tranquil mind,
The health in rugged labor gained;
Driven by sudden discontent
To mingle in the world's affairs,
But taking with me, as I went,
A mother's blessing, mother's prayers.

Threescore! The youth of twenty-one
Saw life in endless vista lie:
First creep the years, then walk, then run—
To age they take them wings and fly!
Threescore and ten, the Psalmist saith,
Are the allotted years of man;
But Age, when he shakes hands with Death,
Alone can feel how brief the span.

The breath of autumn chills the earth;
The chill of age is in my veins;
And standing near my place of birth,
I know the little that remains.
Not long I'll linger on the stage—
I've cheated Death by half a score—
I'll gladly bid farewell to Age,
To find my vanished Youth once more.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1208.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TWO LANDLADIES.

BLEAK STREET, Bloomsbury, is not an attractive spot, whether viewed from the side of the comfortable or the picturesque. It is tolerably wide, but the houses are low and of mean exterior, and very dingy. At what periods the inhabitants covenant to paint their domiciles it is impossible to guess, but that some uniform date is assigned seems certain, since they are all in the same condition. As to cleaning within-doors, there is such a unanimity among all the tenants upon that score as is almost affecting: by tacit consent they appear to have agreed never to do it. The thoroughfare is so far aristocratic that, though it has a large sprinkling of public-houses, it only possesses a few shops, which are all devoted to second-hand furniture. And in these shops dwell the brokers whose office it is to put in executions in the neighborhood—which is a great convenience. The comparative breadth of the street, which is really not required for its very moderate traffic, is rather a temptation to throw things into it which are elsewhere generally kept out of sight till the dustman calls for them. In summer this practice has its drawbacks, but in winter a layer of mud conceals all these objectionable objects; while a fall of snow will—for an hour or two—even lend them a touch of beauty.

It was under the latter circumstances that Mr. Durham arrived in this locality on the morning after his conversation with Mr. Barlow. The sky was blue, the air was bright and keen, and a carpet of virgin whiteness was spread on the street as though for an angel's visit. He dismissed his cab at the corner, and walked to the number which he had in view, taking note of the character of the place as he did so. Poor people must live somewhere, and where they live there will be the signs of poverty, but such appearances need not suggest disreputability. In Bleak Street, however, they did so. Though the morning was advanced, there were few people up and stirring, which is itself a bad sign. The pavements, in fact, were deserted, except when the public-houses occurred, where there was a thick fringe of humanity, of both sexes; and even the shops had but just begun to open. No. 80 was neither better nor worse than its neighbor houses; in common with the rest its dingy blinds were drawn down, like a night-bird that closes its eyes to the sun; and its bell-handle, broken by some importunate and reckless hand, projected from the door. There was a knocker, however, grimed with the dirt of ages, to which Mr. Durham applied himself once, twice, and thrice. Even then he did not gain admittance, but a bolt was withdrawn and the door opened a very little way, rattling on its still restraining chain. The lined and shrivelled face of an old woman presented itself; her head was as white as the blossom of the almond-tree; but if reverence was the accompaniment, as it should be, of her silver hair, it did not manifest itself in her manner.

"What the deuce do you want?" she said, in a harsh, shrill voice. "Waking up honest people with your clatter at this time in the morning."

There were several points in this appeal to which the visitor might justly have taken exception. He had not made more noise than was necessary, and only through the legitimate channel, the knocker; it was eleven o'clock A.M.; and the notion of the woman's being honest—to any one who had caught sight of her face—was ridiculous. However, Mr. Durham only inquired very civilly, "Does Lucy Mortlock lodge here?"

"No, she don't," answered the woman.

Independently of the fact that she almost shut the door in his face as she spoke, there was a tone of irritation in her reply that did not escape the visitor.

"Can you tell me where she does lodge?"

"No; it's nothing to me." Here she left but a mere cranny of space between them. Mr. Durham and herself might have been Pyramus and Thisbe for the opportunity afforded him for communication.

"That's a pity," he said, quietly, "because I've got some money for her."

"Money." The yellow face gleamed as though it were itself a golden coin; the chain was rattled back as though fire was behind her; and the door was thrown open with a promptness that to a classical mind suggested the story of Danaë.

"*Harpax rapax*," murmured Mr. Durham, smiling upon the old woman nevertheless with much urbanity. As a matter of fact, she was not the least like a harpy, who is a full-bosomed creature with wings, but no doubt his quotation had reference to her moral qualities. However, she really had claws, and she worked them to and fro as she slowly repeated to herself the word that had been his "open sesame"—"Money, money."

"Yes, I have got some money for her," he continued, "and would gladly pay a few shillings to know her whereabouts. She lodged here once, did she not?"

"Yes, she lodged here." It was curious to see the conflict of emotions (all bad ones) that contended in the woman's face. "Was this man," it seemed to say, "a friend of this girl or an enemy? If the former, it behooved her to speak civilly." But the eyes above the working mouth flashed hate.

"I have no interest in her one way or the other," said Mr. Durham. "I am here merely to discharge a duty."

"You're her father," said the old woman, shortly.

"Not that I am aware of," replied Mr. Durham, dryly. "If it were so, probably I should have heard of it before this. No."

"You must be a friend, then, a dear friend, if you wish to give her money."

"Not at all; I never saw her in my life; and, if I may say so without discourtesy, I don't want to see her."

"Then I'll give her the money *for* you."

"Then she knows where she is," thought Mr. Durham. Under less urgent circumstances he would have contemplated the lady before him with much suspicion as the voluntary administrator of a trust fund, for she looked the very last person in the world to inspire confidence in that capacity. "You are most obliging," he said; "but I must see her myself."

"How much is it?" she inquired.

"It is ten shillings."

"Then I don't know where she is."

Mr. Durham smiled; the little drama was inspiring him with a certain interest. He flattered himself that he could see into this woman's heart; which was impossible, because she had none.

"It appears you are angry with her. Has she behaved badly to you?"

"Badly!" The word perhaps had little signification for her; it might even have had a complimentary sense had she but known it; but she had no intention of being complimentary. "I hate her," she answered, simply. "She shall never get ten shillings through me."

"Suppose I give you five and her five?" suggested Mr. Durham. "That will be a pretty good commission for you."

"Too much, too much for *her*," muttered the old hag. "She ran away from me. I have not even got her clothes. She had good clothes."

"That seems hard," answered Mr. Durham, mechanically. For the moment he had forgotten the object of his mission. The individual of whom he was in search had almost vanished from his ken. He was thinking of the world in which this woman lived—a world outside the world. No doubt in this miserable den every farthing was screwed out of the lodger; it was very unlikely that her late tenant had cheated such a skinflint. She had probably fled from her in fear rather than in debt. It was doubtless this woman's wont to

take first what little money her victims might be possessed of, and then to retain their clothes in ransom for her rent. And she was enraged because the girl had escaped her clutches, and with her little wardrobe.

"Hard," she repeated, in a low, harsh voice like the suppressed snarl of a dog. "Ay, it was very hard."

It was strange that she did not indulge in vituperation of her late lodger; but, as Mr. Durham reflected, that might or might not be to that young lady's credit. If she had spoken out she might have had something good to say of the girl, which to her eyes, so long blinded to the right, would not have been complimentary; on the other hand, if she had been robbed—of which even robbers, in their own case, perceive the injustice—she would certainly have said so.

"Well, madam, I have made you a handsome offer," said Uncle Stephen; "if I increase it, it would be still more at this poor girl's expense. Would it be fair to give you seven and sixpence out of this half-sovereign"—and he produced the coin from his waistcoat pocket—"and only half a crown to her? What would she say to me—and of you?"

"Ah, tell her *that*," broke in the old woman, vehemently; "give me the three half-crowns, and tell her *that*, and you shall know where she lives. Only you must make her understand that she would have had gold—gold—but for me. Everything will be pawned by this time—her very shawl from her back—and it is bitter cold."

"It is not *my* money," said Uncle Stephen, with a pretense of hesitation. "I don't know what the gentleman will say."

"The gentleman? What gentleman?" inquired the old woman, sharply. "Not the man who would have married her if he could"—Uncle Stephen's heart sunk within him—"not Mr. Butt?"

"Yes, Mr. Butt."

"Then she has seen the last of him. He would never have sent her money—only half a sovereign too—but that he has cut his cable and slipped away. And she was going to be so happy ever afterward. Oh, this is blessed news!" And the old woman clapped her skinny hands together and looked up at the dust-grimed ceiling as though it had been the cerulean vault of heaven.

"Used he often—to come and see her?" inquired Mr. Durham.

"No, not often. 'Business in the city,' he said, prevented him. Business that was not over even in the evening. Ha! ha! And she believed that she had only to hold up her little finger to have him safe. Give me the money. She has gone to No. 50 in the square yonder; this place was not nearly good enough for her ladyship, since she was so soon to become Mrs. Butt. Oh, rare good news! Let me go with you, that I may see her when she hears it."

This prospect was so alarming—especially as she began to make her simple preparations for departure by tying her filthy cap-strings under her chin—that Uncle Stephen fairly trembled. His mission was embarrassing enough in any case, but to perform it in company with this harridan he felt to be impossible. Luckily, a thought struck her.

"No, I won't go," she said, abruptly. "If she saw me with you she would guess that there was something wrong."

"Very likely," observed Uncle Stephen, with unconscious irony; "indeed, most likely. I had better go alone. No. 50 in Bleak Square, you said?"

"That's it; that's where you are to leave her her last half-crown."

The sources of happiness are very diverse, but it was really astonishing to see the satisfaction that the contemplation of the disappointment about to befall a fellow-creature afforded this aged crone. The last Mr. Durham saw of her she was in the act of performing a sort of fandango—a Spanish dance illustrative of the happiness of two young hearts—on her own door-step.

"I hope the lady at No. 50 will not be like that," sighed Mr. Durham as he went his way, wiping his brow as though it had been midsummer.

Bleak Square, although by no means a fashionable locality, was much more superior to the street of the same name than squares in general are to streets. The houses, though dingy and dull-looking, were of good size, and looked out on a plot of grass the object of which, though by no means carried out, was the semblance of a garden. In the midst of it stood a statue, the name of which was unknown, but, from the circumstance of its having one arm broken off, was erroneously supposed to be Lord Nelson. Mr. Durham's knock at No. 50 was answered without the precautions used in Bleak Street, yet, as in that case, by the landlady herself, a buxom, pleasant-looking widow, who smiled as buxom widows who let lodgings always do smile upon old gentlemen presumably in search of them.

"Does Lucy Mortlock live here?"

The smile faded from the woman's lips, and was replaced by a look of genuine interest.

"She did, sir, up to the last two days."

"Where has she gone?"

"Well, sir, I do not exactly know, but I believe they went to Paris."

"They? Who do you mean by they?"

There was a look of dismay and apprehension in Uncle Stephen's face which at once reflected itself in that of the landlady.

"Well, with her husband, sir. I hope you don't know anything to the contrary?"

"What do you mean by 'to the contrary'?"

"Oh, nothing, sir, I'm sure. I have not a word to say against her to any friend of the young lady's; quite the reverse, so far as I know. But it has been always on my mind that there might be something amiss with—Mr. Butt."

"Why?"

"Well, I can't exactly say. It was a long engagement, as I understand, which is always so far satisfactory; and yet— Perhaps you will step inside, sir. This was her sitting-room. She was not with me many days, but a more quiet, well-behaved young person I never had to do with."

Mr. Durham had his questions to ask, of course; but his curiosity was tame indeed beside that expressed in the countenance of his companion. It seemed as though it was he who was there to impart information, and she to seek it.

"Of course I only speak as I find," she went on. "I know nothing of her belongings, though I have every cause to believe"—and here she looked at Mr. Durham in a very complimentary way—"that they are most respectable. She brought no reference with her, by reason of her having to move suddenly from her last lodgings—the woman, it appears, took advantage of her friendless condition to treat her very cruelly. The poor young lady had very little money, and, between ourselves, I sometimes fancied it was that which drove her to take up with Mr. Butt. But doubtless you know the gentleman, and I may be quite mistaken."

"I am not sure whether I know him or not. What sort of man was he?"

"Well, sir, I never saw him more than a minute or two together, and that only on two occasions. He was not as tall as yourself by many inches, I should say: rather a heavy-built man, with short brown hair. His manner was peculiar: it may have been my fancy, but he always seemed to me to be desirous of concealment."

Mr. Durham could hardly repress a groan; the description, though vague, tallied with his nephew's appearance; and those last words seemed to corroborate his worst fears.

"Do you know, sir," continued the landlady, confidentially, "I have even sometimes thought that Butt might not have been his real name?"

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Durham.

"Because once when I addressed him by that name he seemed to take no notice. Yet Miss Mortlock always called him Mr. Butt."

The last thing Uncle Stephen had had in his mind before leaving home had been to possess himself of Matthew's portrait, which he knew Sabey possessed; but, as we know, Mr. Signet had removed it for his own purposes, and it had not yet been returned. In his heart of hearts he now felt relieved that he had not got it with him. It would have cleared up his doubts, of course; but also, perhaps, extinguished his last hope.

"You say that Mr. Butt and this young woman were married."

"He took her away with him from this house, as I believe, to the registry office. I don't hold with marriages myself as is done out of church, but they are none the less binding, they tell me. That Mr. Butt was fond of her in his way I don't doubt, and let us only hope it will last. Howsoever, I never saw a man on his wedding day look so much as though he had something—quite different from a bride and a trip to Paris—upon his mind. Our Sally—who is a blunt one, but sharp, too—said he looked for all the world like some one as knew the police were after him."

"And on what day did this happen?"

"On Saturday morning; the last Saturday as ever was."

This was Saturday, the 12th of December; the morning on which Matthew Helston had disappeared.

Uncle Stephen answered nothing, but looked round him in a helpless manner. His intelligence was as keen as ever, but in old age a mental shock causes the energies to flag instead of stimulating them. The vital power which prompts one to return blow for blow with fate is wanting.

"That's her photo you're a-looking at," continued the landlady, mistaking the cause of his silence, and perceiving his listless gaze had fixed itself upon a photograph case upon the table. "She gave it me—poor dear, it was the only thing she had to give—the day before she went away. It's as like as like—only it took her at her best and brightest. I've seen her very woful and cast down. Even then she was pretty, but not like this."

She placed the portrait in the old man's trembling hand. It was, as she said, a pretty face, but one could easily imagine that the smile upon it had been a forced one; the eyes were too soft not to have been acquainted with tears, and yet they were not all softness. The general impression of the features was not so attractive after the first glance.

"To think," muttered Uncle Stephen to himself, "that a face like this should have stolen Matthew Helston's heart from Sabey's keeping!" Then he added aloud, "Might I be permitted to purchase this picture?"

"Nay, sir, you must not ask that," answered the landlady, quickly. "I should be sorry to part with it—and still more for money. But if it will not be used to her disadvantage in any way—you must promise me that—"

"To her disadvantage?"

"Well, sir, I may be mistaken, but it strikes me that you look upon the young woman with some disfavor. Your interest in her, I conclude, is upon her husband's account, and not on her own."

Mr. Durham inclined his head.

"I thought so. Well, I have known mischief made before now between newly married couples by their relatives; things have been cast up by them against one or the other—generally the bride. Her life before marriage has been put under the microscope like; her photograph is handed about, till it sometimes gets into the Divorce Court to be a witness against her."

"And you think it might be so in this case?" observed Mr. Durham, significantly.

"I don't say that," answered the widow, "but I know that the path of life for young women who are poor is set with snares, and that beauty is often a curse to them instead of a blessing. And when such a girl—with a good heart, mind you, and a tender one too, though maybe she may have a temper of her own—gets respectably married, I for one don't hold with the pack as is always hunting with their noses to the ground for every bit of dirt, and giving tongue when they have found it, in hopes to tear her reputation to pieces. I speak warmly, sir," added the good lady, apologetically, wiping her ample face with her pocket-handkerchief, "because I feel warmly."

"And your feelings do you honor," said Uncle Stephen, simply. "Heaven forbid that I should seek to harm this young woman! I come here with no such intention, but in order to do her a material benefit, which can only be effected by finding out where she is to be found. This photograph may help me if you will let me have the loan of it."

To this the landlady readily agreed; and putting the portrait in his pocket, Uncle Stephen shook her very cordially by the hand and took his leave.

His intention was to have the picture copied, and a search secretly made for the original; for wherever Lucy Mortlock was to be found he had now the strongest conviction that Matthew Helston would not be far off.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIGHTING THE TRAWL BUOY.

MR. J. G. BROWN'S spirited picture on page 569 shows a fisherman's boat just coming in sight of the buoy to which one end of the trawl line is attached. This line is sometimes a mile long, with a buoy at each end. Smaller lines with baited hooks depend from the trawl line at short intervals, reaching nearly to the bottom of the fishing grounds on which the buoys are anchored. The fishermen leave the lines down overnight, and go in search of them early in the morning. A red flag attached to the buoys renders them visible at some distance when the weather is clear.

When a buoy is reached, the fishermen begin hauling in the trawl, and the captured fish are taken from the depending lines. Large quantities of fish are taken in this manner.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT seems that the electric light has been successfully applied to the lighting of the state-rooms and saloons of a ship. It was introduced on the steam-ship *Columbia*, of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and on its arrival at Portland, Oregon, the chief engineer reported that the system had worked with entire satisfaction during the whole trip.

The vagaries of the weather grow more and more inscrutable. The Canadian prophet, however, who foretold frosts "between the 15th and 20th days of August," was not far out of the way. Frosts, so severe as in some places to injure the growing crops, were reported from various sections of the country on the nights of the 15th and 16th of August. But the dwellers in New York, after a period of sultry heat, enjoyed gratefully some of nature's most perfect days.

About one million baskets of peaches arrived in New York the week ending August 14. This was called the "big peach week" of the season.

It is reported that the famous profile of the "Old Man of the Mountains," near Profile Lake, New Hampshire, is beginning to crumble, and it is feared that in the course of a few generations the lifeless yet living face, which has stirred the fancy of innumerable poets, artists, and dreamers, and has been a source of wonder to all tourists, will have fallen away into dull tradition.

The introduction of the study of Spanish into the city schools of San Francisco is being discussed, the necessity of it arising from the increasing trade between the Pacific coast of the United States, Mexico, and Central and South America.

Two colored women have been appointed as census clerks at Washington, which has caused some commotion among the other clerks, there being a strong feeling against working in the same room with them. If color is the only objection, it is to be hoped that measures will be taken to put down this unworthy prejudice.

The trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts have decided to hold hereafter general exhibitions of the works of living American artists on a scale similar to the exhibitions of the New York Academy. They will be held in the autumn of each year, so as not to interfere with the exhibitions in New York and Philadelphia, which are held in the spring. The first exhibition will be held this year, opening on Tuesday, November 9, and closing on Monday, December 20. It will include drawings and water-colors, as well as paintings and sculpture, and no work will be accepted which has been publicly shown in Boston. The artists, both there and in New York, are already taking deep interest in the exhibition.

Paris is rapidly adopting the electric light, even in its present crude stage of development. Twenty large establishments in the city are nightly illuminated in this way, and the boulevards are dazzling with the new light.

Accounts from the South inform us that there will be an earlier crop of Florida oranges than usual this year. The flourishing condition of the groves indicates that picking will begin in the latter part of September, or about thirty days earlier than last year's ripening. The successful cultivation of the orange-tree in Florida is a matter of great interest. In 1874 the growth was not enough for home consumption. Since that time the crop has increased as follows, the figures representing half-barrel cases: 1874, 2500; 1875, 10,000; 1876, 15,000; 1877, 31,000; 1878, 75,000; 1879, 200,000. These figures are becoming significant. Havana and other West Indian points are already put into the shade by reason of the superior quality of the Florida fruit, and Mediterranean producers may well feel anxiety as to the future of their winter trade in fine fruit in this and other American cities.

An exchange gives the following item, which may not be untimely, as the mosquito season has not yet passed its height: To cure mosquito stings nothing is better than a twenty per cent. solution, in either oil or water, of pure carbolic acid. This is to be rubbed well on the painful spot. To bathe one's tingling hands and smarting limbs with this solution gives a cooling, grateful sensation that is hard to describe. Carbolic soap will do almost as well, or an ointment compounded of carbol, camphor, and cosmoline.

Among the passengers on a steamer which recently arrived from Bremen was a female elephant sent from Hamburg to the Cincinnati Zoological Garden. Permission was asked to enter the animal free of duty, but by the law it was found necessary to pay $439. Her "trunk" was also examined by one of the special customs officers. Some ivory was found, but the officers did not consider it prudent to make a seizure, but allowed the contents of the trunk to pass as "wearing apparel."

Ten and a half millions of francs are to be expended in deepening and improving the channel of the Seine within the limits of Paris, and thirty millions will be spent in improvements on the river between Surèsnes and Rouen.

According to Professor Read, of London, the world, by geological evidence, has reached the mature age of 600,000,000 years.

In a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, an article on "Suicide" gives some startling information. It speaks of the great revival of suicide during the past hundred years. Exact returns give a total of 60,000 persons in Europe dying by their own hand. The number is larger in the northern part of the country than in the south, Denmark showing the greatest number, and Portugal the least. Twice as many suicides occur in the summer as in the winter. Youth has hitherto been thought to be almost free from this crime, but now 2000 boys and girls are yielding to it every year in Europe, and the number steadily increasing.

A plan has been proposed by the "Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation" for ice-water to be carried through the streets of the densely populated tenement districts, and given away free of charge. A huge tank holding more than three tons, placed upon a truck, is trundled through the streets, at a cost of twenty-five dollars a day. The good that this cool, fresh water will be to the thirsty thousands who could not otherwise enjoy it can hardly be estimated.

Among the patents recently taken out is one which claims to be a "new and useful mode of producing rain, or precipitating rain-falls from rain-clouds," as a protection against drought. The invention consists in sending balloons into the cloud regions, carrying torpedoes and cartridges charged with explosives, and to explode them there by electric force. It is also claimed by the inventor that not only can rain be precipitated when it is needed, but that too great a quantity can be checked in any given locality by causing the rain-clouds to be discharged before they have reached that place. This novel plan, if practicable and successful, might equalize the droughts and floods in our land.

In some of the Southern States, particularly South Carolina and Georgia, a strong effort is being made to stop the practice of carrying concealed weapons, and with good success in many places. This movement receives the zealous support of some of the leading Charleston journals, one of which says that "nothing will show in stronger light the improvement in the condition of the people than the determination to make drunkenness disgraceful, and the carrying of concealed weapons the badge of the bully and rowdy."

The London *Athenæum* says that the admission of women to the Arts and Science classes at University College, London, has been eminently successful. The plan has worked perfectly during the session just closed; the number of males in the college has increased instead of diminished; and at the late distribution of prizes in the Faculty of Arts the women took a very honorable place among their fellow-workers.

The Public Health Department of Germany sanctions the use of certain non-poisonous substances for coloring confectionery: Flour and starch for white; cochineal, carmine, madder red, and the juice of carrots and cherries for red; saffron, safflower, and turmeric for yellow; indigo and litmus for blue; the juice of spinach and mixtures of the already-mentioned blues and yellows for green; burned sugar and Spanish juice for brown; and Indian ink for black.

The illumination of Niagara Falls by electric light is said to be a most weird and fascinating sight.

The captain of a schooner sailing in the Gulf of Mexico reports a marvellous turtle story. An area which he estimated at eighty square miles was covered with a vast multitude of green turtles, all lying on their backs; and as the schooner passed along, Spanish mackerel leaped high in the air in every direction. The captain is anxious to have nautical men explain the odd phenomena of turtles on their backs, and such excitement among the mackerel.

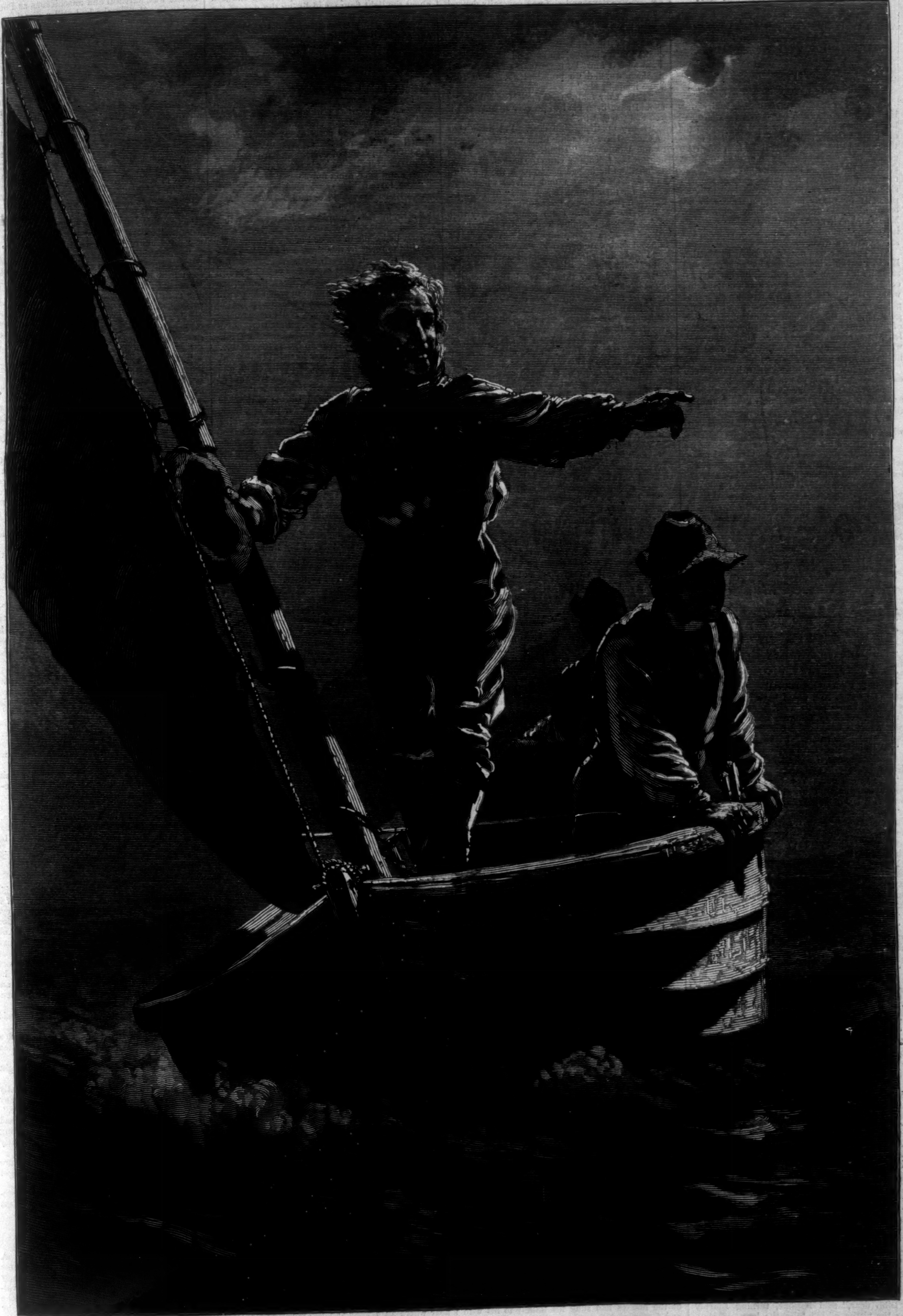
Old fashions are being revived in every direction. Red brick houses in the Queen Anne style are springing up in many aristocratic quarters of London, and on the last Derby-day there were a number of postilions on the road clad in the white silk hats and many-buttoned sky-blue jackets which were in vogue a generation ago.

It is stated that the oyster crop in England will be very small, owing to the very cool weather and low temperature of the water. In this country, in the vicinity of Long Island, the oystermen expect an unusually large yield, and on account of the failure of the European crop there will doubtless be large exportations of this edible. The American oyster is considered vastly superior to the foreign, the latter leaving a stringent coppery taste in the mouth long after it is eaten.

A London periodical gives some remarkable railway statistics in the yearly return by the Board of Trade for 1879. In the United Kingdom the trains have travelled over 222,000,000 miles, and have carried more than 565,000,000 passengers. With the exception of the Tay Bridge disaster in Scotland, by which seventy-three persons were killed, this enormous amount of work has been done with the loss of only two lives by accidents. And the number of persons injured was much less than in previous years. This speaks highly for the carefulness of the employés on the railroads; but the report adds that, owing to the negligence and misconduct of the passengers, eighty-five must be added to the bill of mortality.

GENERAL LOOKOUT.

A HARD FORT TO ATTACK WITH THE MATERIAL YOU HAVE.



SIGHTING THE TRAWL BUOY.—Drawn by J. G. Brown.—[See Page 567.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

"AND THIS WAS GLADLY IN THE EVEN-TIDE."

DAPHNE was as still as a statue, her vanity gratified by this homage to her charms. There had been nobody to admire her at Asnières but the old music-master, into whose hat she had sometimes put a little bouquet from the trim suburban garden, or a spray of acacia from the grove that screened the maiden meditations of Madame Tolmache's pupils from the vulgar gaze of the outside world. She retained her recumbent attitude patiently for nearly an hour, half asleep in the balmy afternoon atmosphere, while the outraged Martha sat on her rock apart, digging her everlasting crochet-hook into the fluffy mass of wool, and saying never a word.

The stranger was nearly as silent as Martha. He was working industriously at his sketch, and smoking his cigar as he worked, having first ascertained that the ladies were tolerant of the weed. He painted in a large dashing style that got over the ground very quickly, and made a good effect. He had nearly finished his sketch of the figure on the rock—the indigo gown, scarlet ribbon, bright hair, and dark, luminous eyes—when Daphne jumped up suddenly, and vowed that her every limb was an agony to her.

"I couldn't endure it an instant longer!" she exclaimed. "I hope you've finished?"

"Not quite; but you may change your attitude as much as you like, if you'll only keep your head the same way. I am working at the face now."

"What are you going to do with the picture when it's finished?"

"Keep it till my dying day."

"I thought you would perhaps give it—I mean sell it—to me. I could not afford a large price, for my people are very poor, but—"

"Your looking-glass will show you a better portrait than this poor sketch of mine. And in after-years even this libellous daub will serve to remind me of a happy hour in my life."

"I am glad you have enjoyed yourself," said Daphne; "but I really wish you had eaten that fowl. Have you far to go home to dinner?"

"Only to Fontainebleau."

"You are living there?"

"I am staying there. I may strike my tent and be across the Jura to-morrow night. I never live anywhere."

"But haven't you a home and people?"

"I have a kind of home, but no people."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Daphne, with exquisite compassion. "Are you an orphan?"

"Yes; my father died nine years ago, my mother last year."

"How awfully sad! No brothers or sisters?"

"None. I am a crystallization, the last of a vanishing race. And now I have done as much as I dare to your portrait. Any attempt at finish would result in failure. I am writing the scene and the date in the corner of my sketch. May I write your name?"

"My name!" exclaimed Daphne, her eyes sparkling with mischief, her cheeks curving into dimples.

"Yes, your name. You have a name, I suppose, unless you are the nameless spirit of sun-lit woodlands masquerading in a blue gown?"

"My name—is—Poppæa," faltered Daphne, whose latest chapter of Roman history had been the story of Nero and his various crimes, toned down and expurgated to suit young ladies' schools.

Poppæa Sabina, thus chastely handled, had appeared nothing worse than a dressy lady of extravagant tastes, who took elaborate care of her complexion, and had a fancy for shoeing her mules with gold.

"Did you say Poppet?" inquired the stranger.

"No; Poppæa. You must have heard the name before, I should think. It is a Roman name. My father is a great classical scholar, and he chose it for me."

"I see; the name is an eccentric bookworm's fancy, like Mr. Shandy's Trismegistus. It's lucky for you there was no such leaky vessel as Susannah to convey the name to the parson, or you might have been baptized Poppet."

"And pray what is your name?"

"Nero."

The stranger pronounced the word without moving a muscle of his face, still intent upon his sketch; for it is vain for a man to say he has finished a thing of that kind: so long as his brushes are within reach he will be putting in new ideas. There was not a twinkle in those dubious eyes of his, not an upward move of those mobile lips. He was as grave as a judge.

"I don't believe it!" cried Daphne, bouncing up from her rock.

"Don't believe what?"

"That your name is Nero."

"Why not? Have I not as good a right to bear a Roman name as you have? Suppose I had a classical father as well as you. Why not?"

"It is too absurd."

"Many things are absurd which yet are absolutely true."

"And you are really called Nero?"

"As really as you are called Poppæa."

"It is so dreadfully like a dog's name."

"It is a dog's name. But you may call your dog Bill, or Joe, or Paul, or Peter. I don't think that makes any difference. I would sooner have some dogs for my namesake than some men."

"Dibb dear," said Daphne, turning sharply upon the victim of her folly, the long-suffering, patient Martha, "what's the time?"

She had a watch of her own, a neat little gold hunter, but it was rarely in going order for two consecutive days, and she was generally dependent on the methodical Dibb for all information as to the flight of time.

"A quarter to five."

"Then we must be going home instantly. How could you let me stay so long, you foolish girl? I am sure it must be more than an hour's walk to the town, and we promised poor dear Toby to be home by six."

"It isn't my fault," remarked Miss Dibb. "I should have been glad to go ever so long ago if you had thought fit."

"Hurry up, then, Dibb dear. Put away your crochet. Have you quite done with my block?" to the unknown. "Thank you muchly. And now my box? Those go into the basket. Thanks, awfully," as he helped her to pack the tumblers and corkscrew, plates and knives, which had served for their primitive repast. "And now we will wish you good-day—Mr.—Nero."

"On no account. I am going to carry that basket back to Fontainebleau for you."

"All along that dusty high-road? We couldn't think of such a thing; could we, Martha?"

"I don't know that my opinion is of much account," said Martha, stiffly.

"Don't, you dear thing!" cried Daphne, darting at her and hugging her affectionately. "Don't try to be ill-tempered, for you can't do it. The thing is an ignominious failure. You were created to be good-natured, and nice, and devoted—especially to me."

"You know how fond I am of you," murmured Martha, reproachfully; "and you take a mean advantage of me when you go on so."

"How am I going on? Is it very dreadful to let a gentleman carry a heavy basket for me?"

"A gentleman!" muttered Martha, with a supercilious glance at the stranger's well-worn velveteen.

He was standing a little way off, out of hearing, taking a last long look at the valley.

"Yes, and every inch a gentleman, though his coat is shabby, and though he may be as poor as Job, and though he makes game of me!" protested Daphne, with conviction.

"Have your own way," replied Martha.

"I generally do," answered Daphne.

And so they went slowly winding down hill in the westering sunshine, all among the gray rocks on which the purple shadows were deepening, the warm umber lights glowing, while the rosy evening light came creeping up in the distant west, and the voice of an occasional bird, so rare in this Gallic wood, took a vesper sound in the summer stillness.

The holiday-makers had all gone home. The French matron who had taken her rest so luxuriously, surrounded by her olive branches, had put on her boots and departed. The women who sold cakes and fruit had packed up their wares and gone away. All was silence and loneliness, and for a little while Daphne and her companions wandered on in quiet enjoyment of the scene and the atmosphere, treading the mossy, sandy path that wound in and out among the big rocks, sometimes nearly losing themselves, and anon following the blue arrow-points which a careful hand had painted on the rocks to show them which way they should go.

But Daphne was not given to silence. She found something to talk about before they had gone very far.

"You have travelled immensely, I suppose?" she said to the stranger.

"I don't know exactly what significance you attach to the word. Young ladies use such large words nowadays for such very small things. From a scientific explorer's point of view, my wanderings have been very limited, but I dare say one of Cook's tourists would consider me a respectable traveller. I have never seen the buried cities of Central America, nor surveyed the world from the top of Mount Everest, nor even climbed the Caucasus, nor wandered by stormy Hydaspes; but I have done Egypt, and Algeria, and Greece, and all that is tolerably worth seeing in Southern Europe, and have come to the conclusion that, although nature is mountainous, life is everywhere more or less flat, stale, and unprofitable."

"I'm sure I shouldn't feel that if I were free to roam the world, and could paint as sweetly as you do."

"I had a sweet subject, remember."

"Please don't," cried Daphne. "I rather like you when you are rude, but if you flatter I shall hate you."

"Then I'll be rude. To win your liking I would be more uncivil than Petruchio."

"Katharine was a fool!" exclaimed Daphne, skipping up the craggy side of one of the biggest rocks. "I have always despised her. To begin so well and end so tamely!"

"If you don't take care you'll end by slipping off that rock, and spraining an ankle or two," said Nero, warningly.

"Not I," answered Daphne, confidently; "you don't know how used I am to climbing. Oh, look at that too delicious lizard!"

She was on her knees admiring the emerald-hued changeful creature. She touched it only with her breath, and it flashed away from her, and vanished in some crevice of the rock.

"Silly thing, did it think I wanted to hurt it, when I was only worshipping its beauty?" she cried.

Then she rose suddenly and stood on the rock, a slim, girlish figure, with fluttering drapery, poised as lightly as Mercury, gazing round her, admiring the woodland scenery, the long vista of rocks, the dark wall of fir-trees, mounting up and up to the edge of a saffron-tinted sky, for these loiterers had lost count of time since steady-going Martha looked at her reliable watch, and the last of the finches had sung his lullaby to his wife and family, and the golden ship called Sol had gone down to night's dark sea.

"Come down, you absurd creature," exclaimed Nero, with a peremptory voice, winding one arm about the light figure, and lifting the girl off the rock as easily as if she had been a feather-weight.

"You are very horrid!" protested Daphne, indignantly. "You are ever so much ruder than Petruchio. Why shouldn't I stand on that rock? I was only admiring the landscape."

"No doubt; and two minutes hence you would be calling upon us to admire a fine example of a sprained ankle."

"I'm sure if your namesake was ever as unkind to my namesake, it's no wonder she died young," said Daphne, pouting.

"I believe he was occasionally a little rough upon her," answered the artist, with his imperturbable air. "But of course you have read your Tacitus and your Suetonius in the original. Young ladies know everything nowadays."

"The Roman history we read is by a clergyman, written expressly for ladies' schools," said Miss Dibb, demurely.

"How intensely graphic and interesting that chronicle must be!" retorted the stranger.

They had come to the end of the winding path among the rocks by this time, and were in a long straight road, cut through the heart of the forest, between tall trees that seemed to have outgrown their strength—weedy-looking trees, planted too thickly, and only able to push their feeble growth up toward the sun, with no room for spreading bough or interlacing roots. The evening light was growing grave and gray. Bats were skimming across the path, uncomfortably near Daphne's flowing hair. Miss Dibb began to grumble.

"How dreadfully we have loitered!" she cried, looking at her watch. "It is nearly eight, and we have so far to go. What will Miss Toby say?"

"Well, she will moan a little, no doubt," answered Daphne, lightly, "and will tell us that her heart has been in her mouth for the last hour, which need not distress us much, as we know it's a physical impossibility; and that any one might knock her down with a feather—another obvious impossibility, seeing that poor Toby weighs eleven stone; and then I shall kiss her and make much of her, and give her the packet of nougat I mean to buy on the way home, and all will be sunshine. She takes a sticky delight in nougat. And now please talk and amuse us," said Daphne, turning to the artist with an authoritative air. "Tell us about some of your travels, or tell us where you live when you're at home."

"I think I'd rather talk of my travels. I've just come from Italy."

"Where you have been painting prodigiously, of course. It is a land of pictures, is it not?"

"Yes; but Nature's pictures are even better than the treasures of art."

"If ever I should marry," said Daphne, with a dreamy look, as if she were contemplating an event far off in the dimness of twenty years hence, "I should insist upon my husband taking me to Italy."

"Perhaps he wouldn't be able to afford the expense," suggested the practical Martha.

"Then I wouldn't marry him," Daphne retorted, decisively.

"Isn't that rather a mercenary notion?" asked the gentleman with the basket.

"Not at all. Do you suppose I should marry just for the sake of having a husband? If ever I do marry—which I think is more than doubtful—it will be, first and foremost, in order that I may do everything I wish to do, and have everything I want to have. Is there anything singular in that?"

"No; I suppose it is a young beauty's innate idea of marriage. She sees herself in her glass, and recognizes perfection, and knows her own value."

"Are you married?" asked Daphne, abruptly, eager to change the conversation when the stranger became complimentary.

"No."

"Engaged?"

"Yes."

"What is she like?" inquired Daphne, eagerly. "Please tell us about her. It will be ever so much more interesting than Italy, for, after all, when one hasn't seen a country, description goes for so little. What is she like?"

"I could best answer that question in one word if I were to say she is perfection."

"You called me perfection just now," said Daphne, pettishly.

"I was talking of your face. She is perfection in all things. Perfectly pure, and true, and good, and noble. She is handsome, highly accomplished, rich."

"And yet you go wandering about the world in that coat!" exclaimed Daphne, too impulsive to be polite.

"It is shabby, is it not? But if you knew how comfortable it is, you wouldn't wonder that I have an affection for it."

"Go on about the lady, please. Have you been long engaged to her?"

"Ever since I can remember, in my heart of hearts. She was my bright particular star when I was a boy at school; she was my sole incentive to work or decent behavior when I was at the University. And now I am not going to say any more about her. I think I have told you enough to gratify any reasonable curiosity. Ask me conundrums, young ladies, if you please, or do something to amuse me. Remember, I am carrying the basket, and a man is something more than a beast of burden. My mind requires relaxation."

Martha Dibb grinned all over her broad, frank face. Riddles were her delight. She had little manuscript books filled with them in her scrawly, pointed writing. She began at once, like a musical box that has been wound up, and did not leave off asking conundrums till they were half way down the long street leading to the palace, near where Miss Toby and her pupils had their lodging.

But Daphne had no intention that the stranger should learn exactly where she lived. Reckless as she was, mirthful and mischievous as Puck or Robin Goodfellow, she had still a dim idea that her conduct was not exactly correct, or would not be correct in England. On the Continent, of course, there must be a certain license. English travellers dined at public tables, and gamed in public rooms—were altogether more sociable and open to approach than on their native soil. It was only a chosen few—the peculiarly gifted in stiffness—who retained their glacial crust through every change of scene and climate, yea, when the thermometer was at eighty-five in the shade, and who would perish rather than cross the street ungloved, or discourse familiarly with an unaccredited stranger. But, even with due allowance for Continental laxity, Daphne felt that she had gone a little too far. So she pulled up suddenly at the corner of a side street, and demanded her basket.

"What does that mean?" asked the painter, with a look of lazy surprise.

"Only that this is our way home, and that we won't trouble you to carry the basket any further. Thanks intensely."

"But I am going to carry it to your door."

"It's awfully good of you to propose it, but our governess would be angry with us for imposing on the kindness of a stranger, and I'm afraid we should get into trouble."

"Then I haven't a word to say," answered the painter, smiling at her blushing, eloquent face. Verily a speaking face—beautiful just as a sun-lit meadow is beautiful, because of the lights and shadows that flit and play perpetually across it.

"Do you live in this street?"

"No; our house is in the second turning to the right, seven doors from the corner," said Daphne, who had obtained possession of the basket. "Good-by."

She ran off with light, swift foot, followed lumpishly and breathlessly by the scandalized Martha.

"Daphne, how could you tell him such an outrageous story?" she exclaimed.

"Do you think I was going to tell him the truth?" asked Daphne, still fluttering on, light as a lapwing. "We should have had him calling on Miss Toby to-morrow morning to ask if we were fatigued by our walk, or perhaps singing the serenade from *Don Giovanni* under our windows to-night. Now, Martha dearest, don't say one word. I know I have behaved shamefully, but it has been awful fun, hasn't it?"

"I'm sure I felt ready to sink through the ground all the time," panted Martha.

"Darling, the ground and you are both too solid for there to be any fear of that."

They had turned a corner by this time, and, doubling and winding, always at a run, they came very speedily to the quiet corner near the palace, where their governess had lodged them in a low, blind-looking white house, with only one window that commanded a view of the street.

They had been so fleet of foot, and had so doubled on the unknown, that from this upper window they had presently the satisfaction of seeing him come sauntering along the empty street, careless, indifferent, with dreamy eyes looking forward into vacancy—a man without a care.

"He doesn't look as if he minded our having given him the slip one little bit," said Daphne.

"Why should he?" asked the matter-of-fact Martha. "I dare say he was tired of carrying the basket."

"Go your ways," said Daphne, with a faint sigh, waving her hand at the vanishing figure—"go your ways over mountain and sea, through wood and valley. This world is a big place, and it isn't likely you and I will ever meet again." Then, turning to her companion with a sudden change of manner, she exclaimed, "Martha, I believe we have both made a monstrous mistake."

"As how?" asked Miss Dibb, stupidly.

"In taking him for a poor artist."

"He looks like one."

"Not he. There is nothing about him but his coat that looks poor, and he wears that as if it were purple and ermine. Did you notice his eye when he ordered u sto change the conversation—an eye accustomed to look at inferiors? And there is a careless pride in his manner, like a man who believes that the world was made on purpose for him, yet doesn't want to make any fuss about it. Then he is engaged to a rich lady, and he has been at the University. No, Martha, I am sure he is no wandering artist living on his pencil."

"Then he must think all the worse of us," said Martha, solemnly.

"What does it matter?" asked Daphne, with a careless shrug. "We have seen the last of each other."

"You can never be sure of that. One might meet him at a party."

"I don't think you will," said Daphne, faintly supercilious, "and the chances are ever so many to one against even my meeting him anywhere."

Here Miss Toby burst into the room. She had been lying down in an adjacent chamber, resting her poor bilious head, when the girls came softly in, and had only just heard their voices.

"Oh, you dreadful girls, what hours of torture you have caused me!" she exclaimed. "I thought something must have happened."

"Something did happen," said Daphne; whereupon Martha thought she was going to confess everything.

"What?"

"A lizard."

"Did it sting you?"

"No; it darted away when I looked at it. A lovely glittering green thing. I wish I could tame one and wear it for a necklace! And I nearly fell off a rock; and I tried hard to paint the valley, and made a most dismal failure. But the view from the hill is positively delicious, Toby dear, and the rocks are wonderful: huge masses of granite tumbled about among the trees anyhow, as if Titans had been pelting one another. It's

altogether lovely. You must go with us to-morrow, Toby love."

Miss Toby, diverted from her intention to scold, shook her head despondingly.

"I should like it of all things," she sighed. "But I am such a bad walker, and the heat always affects my head. Besides, I think we ought to go over the palace to-morrow. There is so much instruction to be derived from a place so full of historical associations."

"No doubt," answered the flippant Daphne; "though if you were to tell me that it had been built by Julius Cæsar or Alfred the Great, I should hardly be wise enough to contradict you."

"My dear Daphne, after you have been so carefully grounded in history," remonstrated Miss Toby.

"I know, dear; but then, you see, I have never built anything on the ground. It's all very well to dig out foundations, but if one never gets any further than that! But we'll see the palace to-morrow, and you shall teach me no end of history while we are looking at the pictures and things."

"If my poor head be well enough," sighed Miss Toby; and then she began to move languidly to and fro, arranging for the refreshment of her pupils, who wanted their supper.

When the supper was ready, Daphne could eat nothing, although five minutes before she had declared herself ravenous. She was too excited to eat. She talked of the forest, the view, the heat, the sky, everything except the stranger, and his name was trembling on her lips perpetually. Every now and then she pulled herself up abruptly in the middle of a sentence, flashed a vivid glance at stolid Martha, her dark gray eyes shining like stars, full of mischievous light. She would have liked to tell Miss Toby everything, but to do so might be to surrender all future liberty. Headache or no headache, the honest little governess would never have allowed her pupils to wander about alone again could she have beheld them, in her mind's eye, picnicking with a nameless stranger.

There was a little bit of garden at the back of the low white house, hardly more than a green court-yard, with a square grass-plot and a few shrubs, into which inclosure the windows all looked, save that one peep-hole toward the street. Above the white wall that shut in the bit of green rose the foliage of a much larger garden—acacias shedding their delicate perfume on the cool night, limes just breaking into flower, dark-leaved magnolias, tulip-trees, birch, and aspen—a lovely variety of verdure. And over all this shone the broad disk of a ripening moon, flooding the world with light.

Directly supper was over, Daphne bounded out into the moon-lit garden, and began to play at battledore and shuttlecock. She was all life and fire and movement, and could not have sat still for the world.

"Come," she cried to Martha, "bring your battledore. A match for a franc's worth of nougat."

Miss Dibb had settled herself to her everlasting crochet by the light of two tall candles. Miss Toby was reading a Tauchnitz novel.

"I'm tired to death," grumbled Martha. "I'm sure we must have walked miles upon miles. How can you be so restless?"

"How can you mope in-doors on such an exquisite night?" exclaimed Daphne. "I feel as if I could send my shuttle-cock up to the moon. Come out and be beaten. No; you are too wise. You know that I should win to-night."

The little toy of cork and feathers quivered high up in the bright air; the slender, swaying figure bent back like a reed as the girl looked upward; the fair golden head moved with every motion of the battledore as the player bent or rose to anticipate the flying cork.

She was glad to be out there alone. She was thinking of the unknown all the time. She could not get him out of her mind. She had a vague, unreasonable idea that he must be near her; that he saw her as she played; that he was hiding somewhere in the shadow yonder, peeping over the wall; that he was in the moon—in the night—everywhere; that it was his breath which fluttered those leaves trembling above the wall; that it was his footfall she heard rustling among the shrubs—a stealthy, mysterious sound mingling with the plish-plash of the fountain in the next garden. She had talked lightly enough a little while ago of having seen the last of him; yet now, alone with her thoughts in the moon-lit garden, it seemed as if this nameless stranger were interwoven with the fabric of her life, a part of her destiny for evermore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DOOMED RACE.

THE social and moral condition of the Lapps must be placed very low in the human scale. They have no recognized head-man or chief, and their priests have also but little influence over them. This, however, is not at all strange, for these priests are of a different race, and all feel more or less the habitual Norwegian contempt for the Lapps. The clergy in these regions always live in hope that their ministrations may speedily be rewarded by a living in the south of Norway. They consequently regard their stay in Finmarken merely as a *temporary* hardship, but in reality they exist in thought and sympathy far away from the poor Lapps. Of course there are exceptions, but these are few and far between. As a rule, the clergy are represented in Finmarken by young, inexperienced men, who—perhaps from pecuniary considerations, perhaps with a view to serving their apprenticeship in their profession among a people whose powers of criticism are of the lowest—consent to be what they consider buried alive until the end they have in view be accomplished. Under these circumstances the relations between priest and people are very slender and precarious; and between want of trust and faith on one side, caused by want of sympathy on the other, the Gospel is preached to unwilling ears; and thus, except in name and outwardly, the natives are as far from Christianity as ever.

The moral condition of the Lapps is, as stated, very low. Conjugal faithfulness is known, but left unpracticed, and the relation between the sexes is on the freest footing. This is, of course, prejudicial to the long continuance of the Lapp race, which, already now dwindling, will, it is feared, before many years have rolled on, be a thing of the past. Another reason favoring the supposition that the Lapps are doomed to early extinction—the usual fate of nomads, or those who try to stem the great tide of civilization—is that the Quæns, or natives of Russian Finland, are now already supplanting them everywhere. The Quæns, who mainly compose the population of the towns on the east and north coasts of Norway, are hard-working and more intelligent, and also much better adapted for the higher branches of manual labor than their Lapp neighbors, who never will and never can be anything else than nomads. By no means unconnected with the decline of the race is the failure, or rather difficulty, of obtaining sufficient reindeer moss during the winter (Lapp and reindeer are so identified that it is impossible to separate the two). Formerly the deer were marched into Russian territory, and there suffered to feed at will; but the Russian nomads, thinking their rights violated, obtained a law forbidding the crossing of the frontier, under pain of destruction of the herds transgressing. And one of the first results of this was that a sort of reign of terror was established on the frontier, with mutual recrimination and slaughtering of herds. One poor Norsk Lapp had strayed inside the frontier a few hundred yards, and was then surprised, and forced to witness the slaughter of five hundred deer—his all; and he was thus reduced by one fell stroke from comparative affluence to poverty. Many such instances occur; and though it may be apparently reasonable, and even lawful, to take such stringent measures, yet, taking into account the extreme length and unguardedness of the frontier, and the consequent temptation to transgress which must come to a man whose moral sense, on account of his training, is not of the highest, and who knows that one thin imaginary line is all that divides him and his hungry herds from the richest pastures—taking all this into account, one can not help sympathizing with the Norwegians, and feeling that the Russian lawgivers might have made some regulation more suitable to the race and country for which it was intended.

Thus it is but too certain that the Lapps are doomed. Without religion, without art, without a single high or noble attribute, living merely for the day, and not looking beyond it, how can they long continue to block the way for more able workers in this earthly bee-hive? Further to the north they can not get, and therefore silently and slowly they will disappear, and vanish forever from among the peoples of the earth, leaving no mark behind them, and no sign to show that they have been.

THE MANGO TRICK.

WITH certain Indian jugglers the "mango" trick is their most effective feat. A mango seed is produced, and a flower-pot filled with mould, and after a lot of ceremony (in plain English, *fuss*), the seed is put under the mould, and several coverings of baskets and cloths are placed over the pot. Then there is more ceremony and fingering about the covered basket, and the pot is shown with the mango leaves just sprouting up. Then it is covered over again, and more hocussing goes on, and the cover lifted up again, and the plant is seen to have grown. The covering, hocussing, and opening go on, the plant meanwhile having further grown and become strong enough to bear fruit, the blossom to appear, the fruit to form, and finally, the fruit to ripen, which is then plucked off and given to be eaten.

Now we, for our part, can not understand how any one can not see through the performance. Nay, even when to a fellow-spectator, who once viewed this performance, we actually explained the details of the trick after it was over, he would not believe, but reckoned the affair wonderful, and even partaking of the supernatural. We can only attribute it to his having been so mystified as to have been actually mesmerized, though partaking of consciousness. The real truth about this feat was that the green and ripe fruits, and every branch and shoot that was exhibited, were actually there, just as much as the seed and the flower-pot—*all in the wraps and folds and baskets which formed the covering.* We were carefully watching the man's proceedings, and at that time had acquired some knowledge of juggling tricks. As we were not allowed to touch the instruments of the exhibition after the particular performance began, the baskets, wraps, etc., could not be disturbed; but with our own eyes we saw the performer draw out the branches, etc., from the folds of the cloths, and noticed him sticking them into the pot beneath the covering, working away with his hands, and, as we thought, very clumsily.

The question may be asked by a doubter of our account of the process, How about a green and a ripe fruit, as well as blossoms, being produced simultaneously, say at a period when there are no such things; that is, when they are out of season. This, indeed, has been brought forward as a complete answer by those who believe in these jugglers. To answer this is not so difficult, however, as it appears. India is a vast continent, and from its southernmost limit on the Indian Ocean, where there is little difference between summer and winter, to its northern boundary on the snowy Himalayas, there is existing every variety of climate at any given time of the year. The mango flourishes equally in Ceylon and in the sub-Himalayan countries. We have ourselves, in passing through the plains into the Upper Himalayas, in the course of successive weeks, seen the mango season just over on the plains; a little higher up mangoes were just in season; the fruits forming higher up still; the blossoms in full flush a couple of thousand feet higher; while higher still the blossoms had not yet made an appearance. With this fact are to be taken two others: the first, that Indian jugglers all belong to one Masonic brotherhood, and are in intimate communication with one another, all ever on the move; and the second, that even they will decline at times to perform this particular feat; that is, when they are not provided with the blossoms, green, and ripe fruits. The seeds, shoots, etc., are always everywhere procurable.

If there be still any other doubter, let us only add that after the performance detailed above we took the man aside (unwilling naturally to expose the man, and destroy the credit by means of which he made his living) and asked him if it was not true that the branches and fruits were all there in the wraps. The glance of our eye told him that we knew every detail in the process, and had watched everything that he did, and so he confessed that what we said was the truth, and apologized by saying that he must make a living.

CONCERT GARDENS.

IN the beginning of this century already concert gardens were favorite places of resort in New York. At that time, indeed, the respectable institutions of this class outnumbered those of to-day. In the suburb then called Greenwich Village were the Indian Queen's and Tyler's, both commanding a view of the Hudson, and having grounds sloping to the river-bank. On the west side of the Bowery, near Astor Place, in the northern outskirts of the city, was Vauxhall Garden. Until Lafayette Place was opened right through it, Vauxhall was a favorite place of resort, but after this it lost much of its prestige. On the East River, near Corlaer's Hook, and running from Water Street to the shore, was the East River Garden. Among its attractions were a shrubbery, a fountain, a stage, and an occasional concert, all of which could be enjoyed for the moderate sum of twelve and a half cents. Corlaer's Hook was a very appropriate site for a concert garden, since Van Corlaer, after whom it was named, was in 1635, or thereabout, the principal trumpeter of the fort at New Amsterdam. Nor had he a small opinion of his abilities. For when at a dinner given to De Vries two supercargoes undertook to make merry over his playing, he gave them a sound drubbing. Nowadays, fortunately, musicians have more patience with their critics.

There were many other gardens of less account. Ice-cream, soda-water, and an equally frigid musical entertainment were the attractions they offered. The more famous places of resort flourished for a considerable time, and no doubt a few of the gray-haired men and women in the city remember wooing or being wooed at the Indian Queen's, Tyler's, Vauxhall, or Corlaer's Hook in the days when matrimonial strategics were less complicated than at present.

An important addition to places of public amusement was acquired in 1823, when Castle Clinton, better known as Castle Garden, was ceded to the city, and was leased for five years at a rental of $1400 per annum. It was fitted up as a concert garden, promenade, and dancing pavilion, and the bridge connecting it with the city was illuminated by colored lamps. In a guide-book to New York city, published in 1828, I find that the yearly subscription for a single person was five dollars, and for a family ten dollars. When it was opened it was opposite the most fashionable part of the city, and its success was assured from the beginning. Afterward it became more of a theatre than a concert garden, and several famous Italian opera troupes (among them those which included Jenny Lind and Bosio) gave performances there.

The musical attractions which New York could offer in those days were not of a superior order. Oboe players were unknown in the city, and the only oboe player in the United States lived in Baltimore. During orchestral performances passages requiring an oboe were skipped. Whenever the orchestra could not be supplied with an instrument of low register, the trombone took its place, and consequently a trombone player with strong lungs commanded a better salary than other musicians; and no matter what instrument the leading themes might be written for, public taste demanded that the leader of the orchestra should play them on the violin. A good way for the manager of a concert garden to increase his receipts was to secure the services of a clown or rope-dancer, or one who could perform simultaneously with a bass drum, pandean pipes, cymbals, and a pyramid of bells.

Like Castle Garden, Niblo's Garden, another famous resort, became in course of time more and more of a theatre. But those who remember its early days also recollect the orchestra led by Taylor, Rappetti, Boucher, and Ambrose, and among the musicians Casolani, the double-bass player, Kendall, the clarinettist, and Cioffi, the trombone player. Here Madame Feron, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Watson, Miss Watson, and Signor Fabj sang to delighted audiences. Here too Mrs. Wallack's admirers would encore her singing of "Di piacer" one evening, and Mrs. Wood's admirers encore her singing of the same piece the next evening. The solitary musical journal of the city used to give long notices of the concerts at Niblo's. Nor were its comments always favorable. For instance, it said of Signor Fornasari, who sang at Niblo's in 1838, that while in appearance he was "really a splendid fellow," his singing in the forte parts—"if the representation of the ravings of a mad bull had been designed, it had been perfect both in regard to manner and voice alike."

It is impossible to treat of the development of music in its important branches in New York without mentioning Theodore Thomas. This accomplished musician opened in 1869 a concert garden in the neighborhood of Central Park, and gave at this establishment a series of concerts which have never been equalled in this city. Night after night programmes arranged with consummate skill were rendered in Mr. Thomas's inimitable manner. Many a time musicians and amateurs, who will never forget the classical nights at the Central Park Garden, have left their cool summer retreat and come to the hot city to hear Mr. Thomas conduct the works of Beethoven, Wagner, and others. After these concerts had been continued for several years, they were stopped, owing to pecuniary reasons. The programmes were in advance of the time; they were too artistic to secure popular support for the enterprise. But the educational influence of these concerts, and of the series which Mr. Thomas afterward conducted at the Hippodrome, was immense. They inaugurated the wonderful progressive movement which in recent years has made New York a great musical centre. When the time comes for an institution of such high character as Mr. Thomas aimed to make the Central Park Garden, it is to be hoped he may repeat the experiment, and reap a reward commensurate with his untiring devotion to his art.

At the present moment we have two establishments in New York which somewhat resemble the Central Park Garden. These are Koster & Bial's and the Metropolitan Concert Hall. Architecturally the latter is the best of the two. As regards music, the programmes of Koster & Bial's show greater variety, and the reputation of this establishment has recently been enhanced by August Wilhelmj's brilliant engagement, and the promise of a series of classical concerts.

There is a peculiar need for institutions like Koster & Bial's and the Metropolitan Concert Hall in this country. There has hitherto been in America a lack of concerts at which light music of good quality might be enjoyed. To this class of music belong the compositions of Auber, Adam, Halévy, Boieldieu, Strauss, and many others. A desire to hear music of a higher order results from an acquaintance with these works, and in this manner many who, by neglect of education, unsympathetic family surroundings, and other causes, are prevented from obtaining a systematic guide to classical compositions, have another means of introduction. There is a good deal of latent musical ability in this country, and opportunity to hear music is the touch-stone which will bring hidden talent to the surface.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SAID Angelina, suddenly breaking the oppressive silence, "Don't you feel afraid of the army-worms, Theodore, that are coming so rapidly this way?" The question was such a strange one that Theodore's surprise caused him to look at Angelina for the first time in his life. "Why did she ask that?" he wanted to know. "Oh, nothing," she replied, as she toyed with her fan—"only the papers say they eat every green thing wherever they go."

An Englishman related that, being at Naples, while taking tea with his wife, a thunder-bolt entered the chamber, and the poor woman was reduced to dust. "Ah, mon Dieu!" cried one of his auditors, "what did you do? what did you say?" The Englishman replied, coldly, "I rang, and said, 'John, sweep up your mistress.'"

Sabethia is a Kansas village with a cemetery. There is a sign painted on the fence opposite the cemetery, reading, "To keep out of that place across the road, get your medicines at the corner drug store."

"How are you coming on with sea-bathing?" asked a gentleman of an invalid. "Splendid! I bathe three times a day." "How do you like it?" "The doctor says I must take a toddy after each bath to restore the circulation; that's how I like it."

"Doctor," said a lisping fashionable belle, who had graduated at half a dozen boarding-schools, to a friend of ours, who had just been introduced to her at an evening party—"doctor, which do you prefer, tholidity of intellect or brillianthy? Thum admire tholidity; but ath for me, and Shakthpeare thayth in hith 'Bride of Abydoth,' 'I prefer tholidity and brillianthy combined.'" The doctor sank into the nearest chair, and blew his nose.

He was saying, as he scratched a lucifer-match on the side of a house, "I like these houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match, you know." "Is that so?" she asked, demurely. "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint—" and then she looked things unutterable. If he had asked, "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't; he took the hint, and the match was struck then and there.

"Figures won't lie," they tell us. That must be the reason it is so hard to put a carpet down smoothly and make it reach into all the corners.

Remonstrance by an Italian minstrel on board an excursion boat, to passenger who declines to put anything into the hat: "What for you beat-a with your cane-a, when we play-a, eh?"

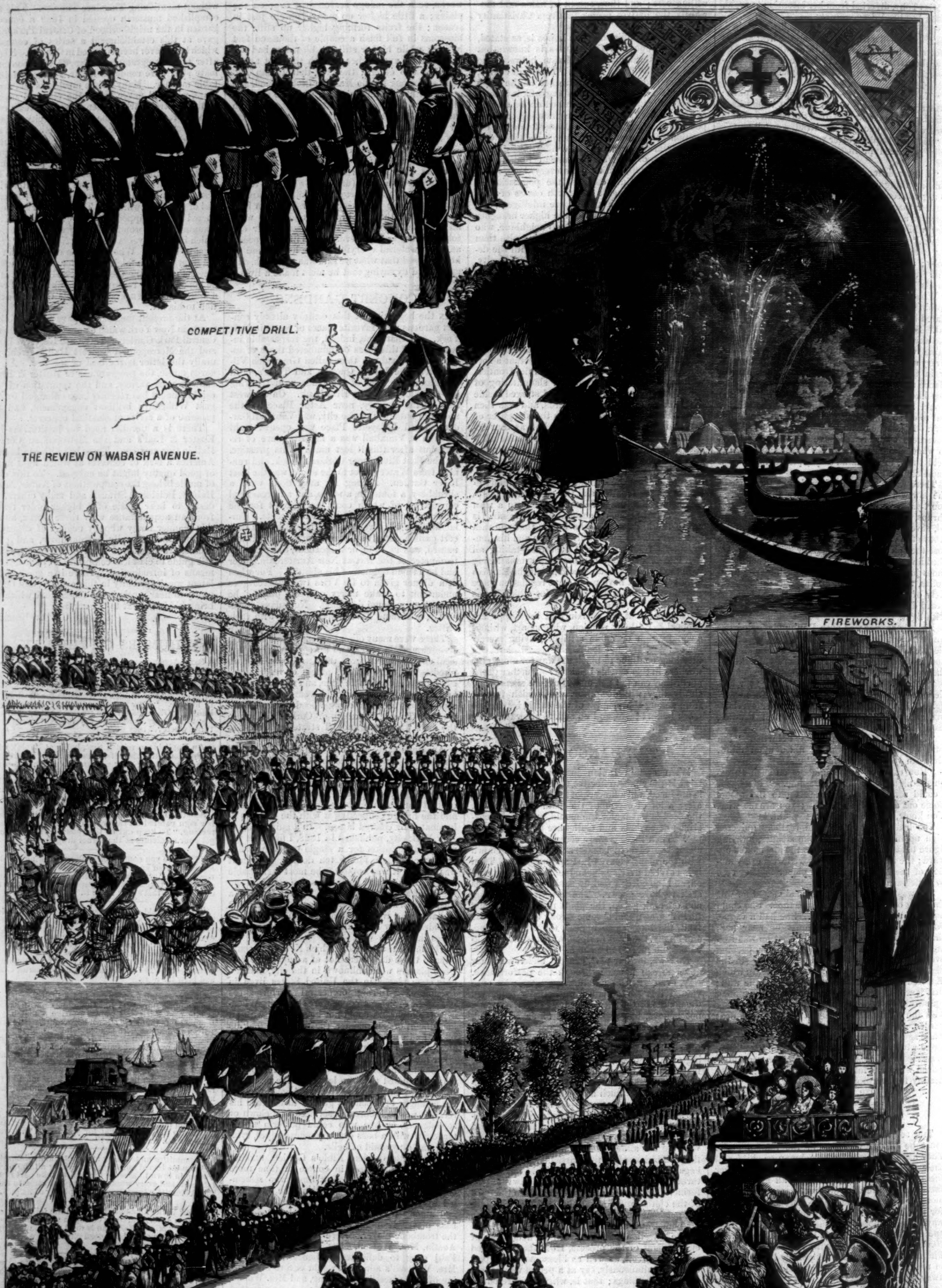
A committee on tableaux at a centennial celebration in Vermont issued an invitation asking all the pretty women in town to meet at the hall to take part in the tableaux, and every woman in the place came to time. That committee knew how to get plenty of help.

A New York stone-cutter received the following epitaph from a German, to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine wife Susan is dead; if she had lived till nex' Friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so must it stan'."

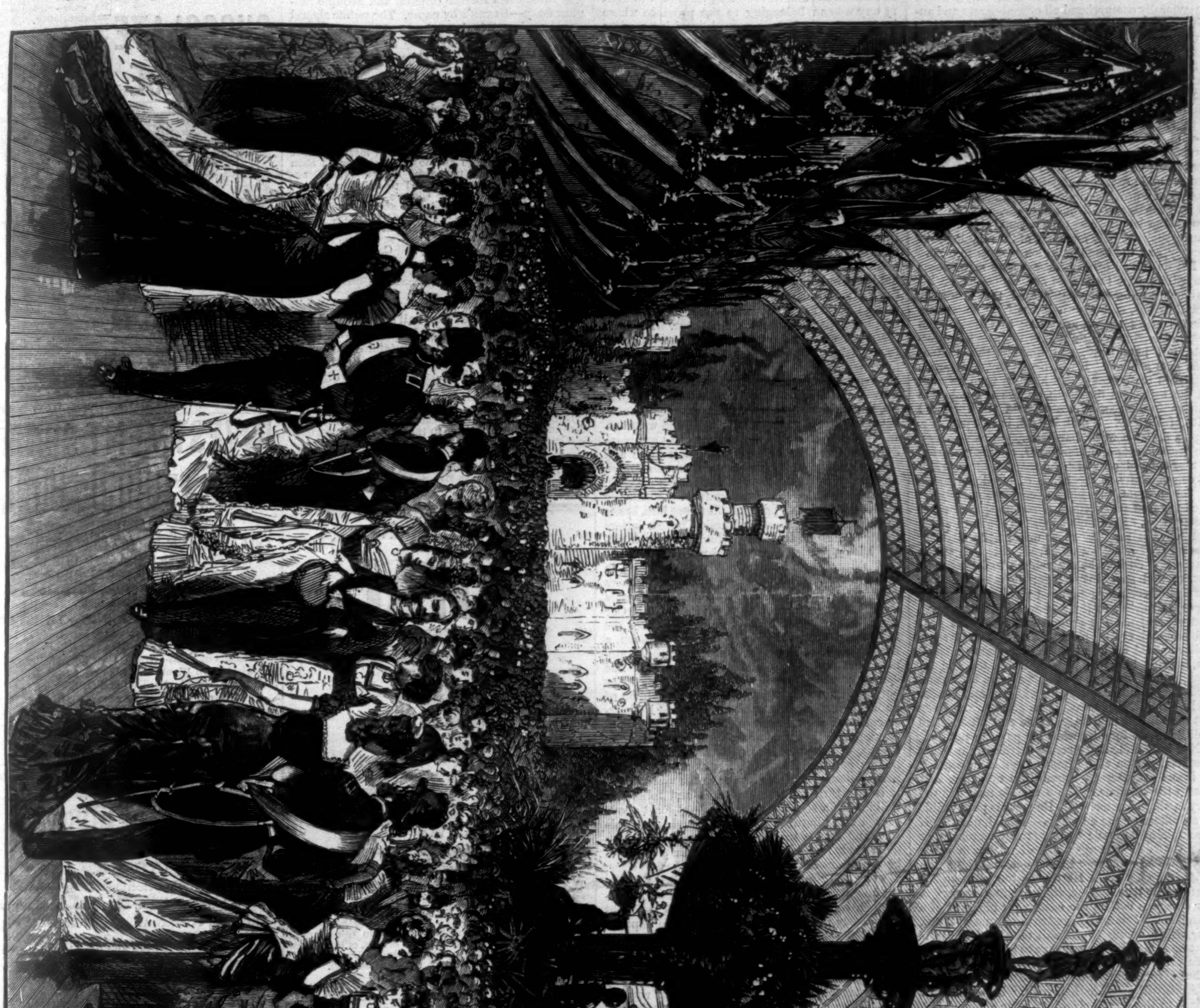
"My darling," said he, "what a delicious taste your lips have!" Then she sprang up and yelled, "Goodness, John! have you been eating my lip salve?"

A grocer who excited the ire of one of his customers by presenting at his house a bill for goods rendered, was waited on soon after by a daughter of the debtor, who said, "I wish you wouldn't come with that bill when papa's at home—it makes him nervous to be dunned."

A wealthy upstart goes to a sales stable to buy a pair of carriage-horses. "Here are a sample of English-bred." "They will not do." "Why?" "My coachman is a Frenchman." "Well?" "If they were raised in England, they couldn't understand a word he said."



THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AT CHICAGO—CAMP DE MOLAI AND OTHER SCENES.—FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 566.]



THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR IN CHICAGO—GRAND BALL AT THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.—From a Sketch by Frank H. Taylor.—[See Page 566.]

CHINESE OFFICE-HOLDERS.

THE well-known word "mandarin," under which we generally comprehend all office-bearers and authorities in China, is not a Chinese term, nor is it understood by the natives. We owe the word to the Portuguese colonists at Macao, who derived it from their own Lusitanian verb "mandar," to command. But the classes we term mandarins the Chinamen describe by the generic name of "khiouping." In the civil service there are nine of these grades, rising in a regular hierarchy, each bearing its well-known badge, and invested with a recognized amount of privilege. No office under government can be held by other than mandarins; and great as is the difference between the viceroy of a province, lodged in a palace, surrounded by guards, and all but despotic, and the poor graduate who presides over a canal-side custom-house, they are both members of the reigning aristocracy, and the same ambition is open to each.

Let us follow one of these young men, whom we will suppose to be able and ambitious, on his upward course. Having passed the necessary examinations, and shown himself to be accomplished in all things, according to Chinese recipes, and having a little money to invest in presents, red note-paper, and dinners, the student soon gets a place. He is, let us say, a deputy's deputy in the customs, and his duty is to levy toll on the salt from the north, on the tea going to Canton for barbarian tea-pots, on the furs and felts of Tartary. Small, indeed, is his pay, perhaps a dollar a week, hardly enough to purchase the great sheets of letter-paper, crimson, scarlet, or rose-colored, on which he inscribes long-winded compliments to the heads of his department, to the prefect, the judges, censors, everybody. Well for him, poor fellow, if red paper and florid flattery were all that his superiors required at his hands. Not so. He must make little birthday presents of sweetmeats, fruit, flowers, silken scarfs, and curious handkerchiefs to fat commissioners and snug inspectors; he must fee their harpies of servants; he must give social suppers, pipes, and drink to their secretaries, messengers, and general hangers-on. All this out of a poor hebdomadal crown piece. And yet that same dollar should feed and clothe our young mandarin, provide him with fish and rice, tea and arrack, opium and tobacco, and all his little comforts and luxuries. But he will live and fatten, and smoke the pipe of contentment, and keep out of debt. Perquisites, as he and his masters well know, do for him what his pay can not do.

Nor is it difficult to screw a trifle from every unofficial person with whom he comes in contact, to insert a dexterous thumb into every pie that passes the customs. The danger is rather in the very facility of extortion. Roguery is permissible in an officer of the emperor—scandal, never. If a complaint be made by any sturdy merchant, or by any troublesome aggregate of smaller men, the mandarin's gilt copper button does not save him from loss of place. He that is too open in his thefts is no true literate, and unfit to "convey" to his decorous coffers the customary pickings of a mandarin. But a wise graduate will not act thus. Our rising young friend will take so little wool that no shorn sheep shall care to bleat against the shearer. Contenting himself with a little illegal tribute from many travellers, he will thrive. His presents will produce their fruit. He will be promoted to the eighth class, and wear a copper button still, but of another pattern. The same tactics will buoy him up. Good conduct can and will procure him the ball or button of the seventh class—copper also, but peculiarly wrought, gilt and burnished.

Good conduct, as the Chinese understand it—that is, decorous, prudent knavery—has brought him thus far; but now succeeds the stumbling-block of a new examination. Being an excellent scholar, and having the best professional help, our young mandarin gets well through, and proudly struts forth in a new and lofty cap, decorated with the sixth-class knob of white stone, generally of milk-white quartz. A sixth-class mandarin is somebody in the land. No longer a mere subaltern, fetching and carrying for his chiefs, he is now eligible for many posts in the police, the revenue, or the treasury. He is a small magistrate now, has a tiny court of his own, and can bid a dozen red-robed constables, with pheasant feathers in their caps, to unsheathe the sword of justice. However, though he may unsheathe the sword of justice in terrorem, he is not yet qualified to use it. Capital punishments must be decreed by greater than he. His authority is over the thumbs and backs of the commonalty, whom he hangs up by the fingers, or bastinadoes soundly; but he dare not decapitate, and can not administer even the "cangue," or bamboo pillory, for long periods. Still his motto is Excelsior, in a sense of strict worldliness, and he can only rise by friends and patrons. These must be conciliated. Mammon alone can win their good offices in that venal land, and public plunder can alone supply the wherewithal.

Nor has a mandarin a means of self-advancement apart from bribery sustained by extortion. Literature in that learned land of bookworms can not be made to plump our graduate's purse. Books are esteemed, it is true, but not new books. Why have new books where new ideas are voted heresies? The wisdom of their ancestors is all the Chinese care for. Such authors as they have are mere starvelings, despised and neglected, and the writer does not seek a publisher but a patron for his smooth verses. Of course the mandarin of the sixth class can not condescend so far. He has made his election, and he sits in the seat of Themis, and weighs the arguments—silver ones—on both sides of a dispute. If he escape a scandal, and consequent ruin, he may hope in a year or two to have a new cap, crystal-buttoned this time, and to enter the fifth class. There are some excellent rules respecting mandarins which are worthy of note. No man may be a mandarin holding office in his native place; he may exercise no trade; he is frequently moved from station to station, and he is strictly forbidden to marry any woman belonging to the province where he is on duty. This is a good provision against seditious leagues being formed by powerful satraps in their native district, or in one that had long been their home, and is presumed to guard against the warping of justice to serve local friendships. But venality is worse than partiality; and the tribunals are corrupt enough to gratify that old emperor, second of the Tartar dynasty, who declared that the judges ought to be iniquitous to check litigation, as otherwise the Chinese would never be cured of dabbling in law.

One more promotion, and the cap of our mandarin is bedecked with a button of pale blue. His pay is higher, and his chances of peculation greater. Sedulously he applies himself to his future elevation. Another examination must be gone through, and a sort of doctorial degree taken, before he is capable of a loftier flight. This is a hard test, but his good memory and keen wit overcome it; and behold him in the third class, with a great button of transparent blue stone, beryl or sapphire, sparkling on his head-gear. He is fit for much now, but not for all. There are comfortable berths awaiting him, but some of the most tempting baits are still beyond his reach. No more degrees at least! no more cramming of proverbs! He has enough to do to fill his pockets, polish his long curved nails, eat melon seeds between his opium pipes, talk taoli, and write letters. To talk taoli is a great art. As our mandarin rises in life he converses in it more and more fluently. At every step more and more flowery grows his discourse, stuffed with tropes, metaphors, and Delphic ambiguities. As for the letter-writing, it is a pretty sight to see him, brush in hand, painting those symbolic Chinese letters firmly and elegantly with perfumed black or yellow ink on scarlet paper edged with gold-leaf.

A third-class official is not yet too grand to write. By-and-by he will have a secretary always at his elbow, but not yet. And a Chinaman writes more letters in a week than we in a year. Our friend is a collector by this, or presides over the tribunal of rites, but it is in a third-rate town, a small place that he hopes soon to leave. Astuteness and industry manage the change. The carved coral button of the second order carries our mandarin to a great city, where a million of human beings shall tremble at his nod. No longer collector or president of rites, he is chief commissioner of treasures and morals, or possibly inspector of crimes. He dwells in a palace now, he has gardens and park, his banquets are superb. None are above him save the viceroy, and it is his turn to have parasites and followers. Still he has a soul above buttons—at least above carved coral buttons. He fawns and worms his way, and crawls up the gilded ladder to its topmost giddy round. Behold him at the summit of his ambitious dreams—mandarin of the first class, viceroy of a province! On his cap rises proudly the plain red coral button of the proudest Chinese chivalry. On his breast and back, wrought gorgeously in gold and silver, glitter the imperial arms—the dragon with open jaws. Through what difficulties, what traps and snares, what labyrinths of lies, has he fought his tortuous way! There is something admirable in the pertinacity of the man, however much we despise his roguery and falseness. He was born in a cottage; he sleeps in a grand marble palace, with guards at the gate, with troops of silken attendants within call, with everything rich and fair and bright round him.

The military mandarins are generally Tartars; they have less book-lore, and more rule of thumb, to master. They pass examinations in learning, but more in the use of arms, horsemanship, shooting with the bow, and hurling great stones. The only hereditary nobles are the Tartar princes akin to the emperor, who hold no posts, but vegetate on little pensions, poor relations of the Brother of the Sun and Moon.

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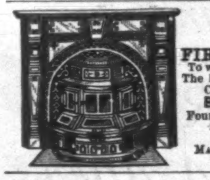

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